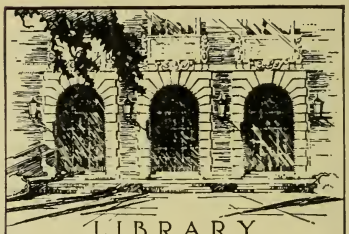

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PEREGRINE,

OR

THE FOOL OF FORTUNE.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

The Follies of Fashion, Lottery of Life, La Belle Sauvage, &c.

"Per tot discrimina rerum."

VIRGIL.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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PEREGRINE.

CHAP. I.

HE was now paſſing down Holborn, when his eye was attracted to the large bills upon the windows of a General Repertory Office. Having entered, and paid his guinea, an elderly man demanded of him for what place he imagined himſelf ſuited. Peregrine replied that ſomething in the literary way would be beſt ſuited both to his talents and wiſhes.

" I believe we ſhall ſoon furniſh you, young man," replied the agent; " for, ſince the laſt preſs-warrant, we have had a conſiderable call for a new ſupply of men of letters and authors. The Government thought proper to iſſue orders that every one ſhould be ſeized upon, and ſent to ſerve his Majeſty, who had no viſible way of livelihood; this, as you may well imagine, has preſſed a little hard upon our authors: and indeed of the moſt numerous part of them, ſuch as the Novel-writers, and the Magazine contributors, it has wholly cleared the town.—But let us ſee," continued he, turning to his Regiſter, " we may, perhaps, have ſome one upon our books who may ſuit you.——In the firſt place," continued he, reading, " ſome literary gentlemen, who are engaged in a periodical work, the principles of which are liberal, are deſirous of engaging an

aſſiſtant

aſſiſtant for the biographical part of their publication. No one need apply whoſe courage and enterpriſe are not well atteſted.——What ſay you to this, Sir?" ſaid the agent.

Peregrine demanded the meaning of the laſt qualification; and expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe that theſe qualities of a prize-fighter ſhould be required in an author.

"Nothing is more neceſſary," replied the other. "You muſt know that theſe gentlemen, the editors of the ———, are amongſt the beſt friends of our office, and are changing their ſeveral clerks—their men of letters I mean—almoſt every month. To confeſs the truth, the principles of their work are very liberal; that is to ſay, they are ſo far from any thing of flattery, or ſervile adulation, that they ſpeak in the freeſt manner upon the characters of the moſt illuſtrious public men of the age. They never

conceal their faults through any deference to their rank; and are sometimes not over scrupulous as to the veracity of their assertions. This, as you may well imagine (though, from a specious appearance, it has made their works), has not unfrequently brought them into some awkward predicament. Some of the characters with whom they have made free, have demanded public reparation: the editors, to screen themselves, dismiss one of their writers, and the injured person, deceived by their *finesse*, departs fully satisfied. The editors continue their practices by means of a new instrument, and he is again sacrificed in his turn."

"But where is the necessity of courage in all this?" said Peregrine.

"It sometimes happens," replied the other, "that the injured person demands personal satisfaction: the assistant is then delivered

delivered up to his fury, and it is only by his courage that he has any chance of eſcaping with his ears. In one word, if you chuſe to become a biographer, you muſt have a conſcience which will not ſtickle at a lie—and a courage which will not ſtart from a duel. Such is the meaning of liberal principles, and impartial biography. But here is another application to us:—'A bookſeller, engaged in an Annual Regiſter, miſcellaneous and political, is deſirous of engaging the aſſiſtance of any members of the republic of letters. It is requeſted that no one will apply whoſe principles are not patriotic, as the work is ſupported by the friends of liberty, and the adverſaries of tyranny, under whatever name.'—What think you of this?" continued he. "If you are willing to riſk your neck, you have here a good opportunity. Their patriotic principles are little

ſhort of treaſon; and the gentlemen, the reſpectable editors of this work, love their country with ſo much ardour, that I am miſtaken, or ſome of them will pay the penalty of their patriotiſm."

Peregrine declined any connection with theſe gentlemen.

" Here is a third, and our laſt invitation to gentlemen of literature," continued he, " and this may perhaps ſuit you better:—

' TO MEN OF LETTERS, &c. &c.

' Whereas the liberal ſupport of Government to the weavers, and other manufacturers of the City of Norwich, have enabled the ſaid manufacturers to enlarge their capital, and to augment their ſtocks, and the increaſed demand of foreign markets require an

an increaſe of hands, an invitation is hereby given, and a promiſe of immediate and conſtant employ hereby made, to all diſbanded ſoldiers—all liberated priſoners—all men of letters—and all convicts, after the expiration of their ſentence—and, in fine, to all others who uſually find it difficult to obtain employ. Conſtant employ, and nine ſhillings per week wages, will be engaged to be given by contract between the parties.—N. B. The trade is not difficult to be learned; a week's application, to perſons of any ingenuity, will be ſufficient.—No reference nor ſecurity will be required.'

Peregrine declined to accept of theſe terms. The agent added that they had no other applications at preſent; but took his addreſs,

and promiſed to ſend him intelligence when any thing ſhould offer which might better ſuit his wiſhes. Peregrine upon this promiſe departed.

As Peregrine was returning homewards, under the Piazzas, he ſaw a gentleman a few yards before him, with whoſe perſon he believed himſelf acquainted; and, upon approaching him, immediately recogniſed him for a collegiate friend. After their firſt ſalutation, Peregrine demanded of him what had brought him to town? Having given a reply, which it is nothing to the purpoſe of our hiſtory to mention, he made the ſame enquiry of Peregrine.

To a man of ſome experience and knowledge of the world, nothing appears ſo ridiculous as the ready confidence, the unſuſpicious openneſs of youth; but though we could wiſh to preſerve the eſteem of all our readers

readers for the hero of this hiſtory, we muſt confeſs that he had as much of this folly as is uſual with any of his age. To the enquiries of his friend, therefore, he made no other reply than by an immediate and full avowal of the difficulty of his ſituation.

"And what do you mean to do?" ſaid his friend; "what are your hopes?"

"My hopes," ſaid he, "are, I confeſs, at a very low ebb; and I am equally embarraſſed with regard to what means I muſt ſeek to reſtore them. To confeſs the truth, I have little expectation from this Repertory Office."

The friend of Peregrine appeared to be now involved in thought. Suddenly recovering himſelf—"What think you, Peregrine," ſaid he, "of becoming a private tutor?—Their ſalaries are uſually liberal.—I believe I can introduce you into a family which ſtands in need of one."

Peregrine expreſſed the greateſt ſatisfaction at the propoſal.

" You have only then," added his friend, " to go to No. —, in Clarges Street, and employ my name; and, my word for it, you will obtain an immediate engagement. The family conſiſts of a widow, and an only, and therefore favourite, ſon. The lady herſelf is the widow of the late Lord ——, one of the moſt celebrated men of his time under the ſhort adminiſtration of the preſent Marquis of L——; he was raiſed to the dignity of the Peerage, and his abilities and celebrity in the law well merited that diſtinction. He lived but a ſhort time after his elevation, and thus left a widow in the bloom of youth, and with every opportunity of folly which is afforded by a large jointure. Nor has her Ladyſhip failed to avail herſelf of theſe opportunities; for, to her praiſe be it

it ſpoken, the kingdom cannot produce a greater fool than my Lady ———. Her fondneſs for her ſon is indeed one of the moſt venial, though not the leaſt ridiculous, of theſe follies. Her Ladyſhip is reſolved to educate him for a Miniſter; and though the young Lord, now about fourteen, is if any thing rather thick, the fooliſh mother can ſee nothing in him but that quickneſs, that early maturity, which is related of the youth of ſo many eminent men. This is the character of the family; and the houſe," added he, "is now before you. Go, make uſe of my name, and it will ſecure your engagement."

Peregrine thanked his friend, took his leave, and entered Clarges Street. He was immediately introduced to the widow, who, deſiring him to be ſeated, abruptly addreſſed him.

"I ſent for you, Sir, that you may make

a correction, and a very important correction, in your paper. You have given the list of my last rout in your paper of this morning;—you have made three errors, Sir—yes, Sir, no less than three errors!" repeated she, imputing the visible astonishment of Peregrine to a wrong cause, and giving him no time for explanation. "In the first place, Sir, you have forgotten that one of the French Princes came in about eleven o'clock, and that he staid long enough to take a pinch of snuff out of my Lord ——— box, and then retired to Mrs. ——— ———, to whose party he had been previously engaged, though without his knowledge, by the Imperial Ambassador.—Sir, you have forgotten to mention any thing of all this."

The flippancy of the lady's tongue was here impeded by want of breath, and Peregrine endeavoured to avail himself of the opportunity

opportunity to undeceive her with regard to her error of his perſon.

" I can aſſure your Ladyſhip that I know nothing——"

" Don't aſſure me," interrupted ſhe, with renewed ſtrength and equal flippancy. " Not know, Sir!—Sir, it is impoſſible but what you ſhould know. Pray, Sir, did not my porter ſend you the liſt, as uſual? I dare ſay you have charged it as uſual, whether it is put down, or not. But pray, Sir, am I to pay you for the inſertion of names, and you not inſert them? You had room enough to inſert the Prince's name, though you had choſen to omit the circumſtance of the pinch of ſnuff.—But this is not all, Sir; you have put the name of the Count de Bijoux before that of the Count de la Bagatelle, though every one knows that the title of the latter

is

is full three years more ancient than that of the former. La Bagatelle, Sir, was ennobled by Charles the Simple;—Bijoux was created by one of the Louis'. Sir, this error is unpardonable; and, ſhould the French Nobility attribute it either to me, or my porter, the conſequences might be very ſerious: they would either deſert my routs, or remonſtrate in a body upon this breach of etiquette. Sir, you will be more correct!"

The fatigue of the lady, and her incapacity to continue longer in the ſame ſtrain, gave Peregrine an opportunity of diſpelling her miſtake: he aſſured her that he was not the editor of the morning paper which had excited her anger; he added that the purpoſe of his viſit was to ſolicit the vacant place of private tutor to her ſon. Fortunately for Peregrine, the boy himſelf now entered

entered the room, and the temper and features of the mother, upon this appearance of her favourite, resumed their usual composure. The name of Peregrine's friend obtained him an immediate and ready attention.

" I beg your pardon, Sir," said she, " for the mistake. I had sent for the editor of the ——— ———; and, as the servant introduced you as a stranger upon private business, I mistook you for the one I expected. Your pardon, Sir!"

Peregrine was not a little flattered with the civility of his reception; for indeed, to do justice to her Ladyship, few possessed an address more conciliating, and a mien and manner more prepossessing. Lady ——— had been a beauty of the first order; in this respect, as well as in that of her fashionable levities, she was a true member of the family of ——y.

" See

" See —— 's ſnowy maids appear,
" Like ſnow indeed, as frail and fair."

Lady ———, in poſſeſſion of riches and rank, and retaining enough beauty to attract the lounging admirers of the *bon ton*, was eaſily flattered into the belief that ſhe was a woman of the moſt brilliant wit. She was in the conſtant habit of reading every new Novel, whether French or Engliſh; and the peruſal of the memoirs of the wits and miſtreſſes of the reigns of Charles the Second and Louis the Fourteenth had ſo turned her head, that ſhe compared herſelf, in imagination, to the Maintenons, Daciers, and Sevignés of thoſe ſplendid æras.

" You apply, Sir," ſaid ſhe, with a ludicrous oſtentation of gravity, " you apply for the place of private tutor to my ſon, my Lord ——— here. Have you conſidered, Sir, the importance of the charge?"

Peregrine replied that he ſhould have nothing ſo much at heart as the diſcharge of his duty; and added that he did not deſpair of giving full ſatisfaction.

"I do not require much," ſaid the lady. "The great end to which I could wiſh the education of my ſon to be directed, is this—that I wiſh him to make a figure of eminence in public life. It will be neceſſary, for this purpoſe, that he ſhould underſtand every ancient language; for beſides that our ancient records and hiſtorians are in the learned languages, no Miniſter will ever be reſpected who is not the moſt learned man of his time. The firſt neceſſary, therefore, is that my ſon ſhould be the moſt learned man of his day."

Peregrine could only reply to this addreſs by a ſilent bow; the lady thus continued—

"If

" If it is neceſſary that my ſon ſhould be one of the moſt learned men of his time, and to that purpoſe ſhould be well inſtructed in the learned languages, it is equally neceſſary that he ſhould be one of the moſt accompliſhed, and he muſt therefore be inſtructed in every modern language. He muſt be enabled to ſpeak with the Ambaſſador of every country in their native languages: ſhould he be ſent to Perſia, he muſt need no interpreter."

Peregrine could only regard her with ſilent aſtoniſhment whilſt ſhe expreſſed theſe ſeveral requiſites of a private tutor. She thus continued—

" With regard to other branches of learning, you muſt have read that the celebrated De Wit, the Dutch Stateſman, was no leſs eminent as a Mathematician than as a Miniſter; and his Triple Alliance, and his Treatiſe

Treatiſe on Curves, are of equal authority. I could wiſh, therefore, that my ſon ſhould be well acquainted with every part of the Mathematics."

Peregrine could ſcarcely reſtrain his propenſity to laughter.

" I do not know, Sir, whether I make myſelf ſufficiently underſtood; but, to ſum up every thing in one word, I ſhall expect that my ſon ſhall be as accompliſhed a courtier as a ſcholar. You will ſee the neceſſity of attending to the fine arts. In a word, let my ſon be a De Wit, a Bolingbroke, a Cheſterfield, a Newton, and a Neckar, and you will anſwer my conception of a ſuitable education. If you are competent, Sir, to inſtruct him in what I have mentioned—in the firſt place, in Latin, Greek, and the oriental languages; and in the modern languages—French, Italian, Spaniſh,

Spaniſh, Dutch, German, Portugueſe, Ruſſian, Perſian, and the current dialects of Hindoſtan, I engage you upon the ſpot, and your ſalary ſhall be thirty pounds *per annum*, and your waſhing!"

It is needleſs to add that Peregrine did not accept theſe terms; indeed he made no other reply to this liberal offer of the lady than a low bow, and immediately retired. The lady was ſomewhat aſtoniſhed at this conduct; and, till the next rout put it out of her head, could think of nothing elſe than this rude departure of a gentleman, to whom ſhe had offered a ſalary which no coachman in Weſtminſter would have refuſed.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

THE ill ſucceſs of Peregrine in theſe his firſt efforts, had almoſt infuſed into him a deſpair of any future attempt; and he reſolved that, whatever might be the future tenor of his fortune, nothing ſhould induce him to accept the employment of a private tutor.

An advertiſement in a morning paper invited the aſſiſtance of men of literary attainments. Peregrine attended at the appointed place, and was immediately engaged as one of the writers of the paper.

When

When he attended at the office for the firſt time, one of the editors thus explained what was expected from him.

"We pay by the piece," ſaid he, "and upon the double conſideration of its length and quality. If the piece be one of invention, it has one price; if of mere relation, a matter of fact thing, it has another. Thus, for a murder of your own invention, ſpeciouſly told, and the ſcene laid in a diſtant country, you ſhall have half-a-guinea; for a burglary, you ſhall have a crown; for a rape, half-a-crown; for the report of an Oppoſition ſpeech, improved with a little daſh of ſedition from your own pen, one guinea; for a Treaſury ſpeech, ſixpence.—If the intelligence be your own, we have our prices for that as well as for original compoſition: thus, for the King going to Windſor, or returning to town, threepence; for this or that Lord

Lord being abſent or preſent at the Council or Levee, the ſame ; for this or that Equerry riding out with his Majeſty, or for ſuch a meſſenger paſſing through ſuch a place, one ſhilling; for the death or diſmiſſion of a Miniſter—for a victory or defeat, provided ten or twelve thouſand are killed upon one part or the other, for the firſt intelligence of any of theſe events, five guineas.—We pay equally liberally," continued he, " for conjectures of Cabinet ſecrets. It is our cuſtom to propoſe ſubjects of theſe conjectures, and for the beſt paragraphs upon any of theſe given ſubjects, a liberal price is paid. Thus, for the next week :—

' Bonaparte and his Miniſters held a Cabinet Council upon ſuch a day.

' *Quære*—What did he ſay? What was the ſubject of their deliberation?'

With theſe inſtructions Peregrine immediately

diately commenced the duties of his office, and for ſome time gave great ſatisfaction to his employers. It is true that, having ſome honeſty of principle, his conſcience oftentimes ſuffered ſomething from what was demanded of him. This more particularly was the caſe when there was unfortunately a dearth of news, in which circumſtances he was obliged to drain his invention to the utmoſt, and with as little regard to truth as is uſually found among compoſers of newſpapers and epic poems.

It was then that a dray, paſſing along the Strand, ran over the head of a child, the ſon of an eminent oilman at the corner of Cecil Street; and the horrid accident being too abruptly communicated to the mother, then far advanced in her pregnancy, ſhe was prematurely brought to bed of a ſtill-born infant.—It was then that meſſengers were ſeen to gallop

gallop to the Treaſury; that a Cabinet Council was called at midnight, which had given riſe to many conjectures, but that the ſecret had not yet tranſpired.—It was then that a gentleman, paſſing over Hounſlow Heath, in a ſingle-horſe chaiſe, with his wife, was ſtopped near the ſign of the Three Pigeons, and, after much abuſe and ſome ill treatment, was robbed of his purſe, containing three guineas, a ſeven-ſhilling piece, and a Queen Anne half-crown; that the fellows were ſeen to take the croſs-road to Staines; that notice was inſtantly given to Bow Street, and every hope was entertained of their ſpeedy apprehenſion.

It has been well remarked by a celebrated writer, that an Ambaſſador is a perſon ſent abroad to tell lies for the good of his country: it is with equal juſtice obſerved that a newſman is one who ſtays at home, to tell

them for his *own good*. The paper, in the ſervice of which Peregrine was engaged, was one that profeſſed the entertainment no leſs of the faſhionable than of the political world. It took equal liberties with characters as with facts. Such a conſpiracy againſt all truth, grammar, and reputation, was only to be met with in an Engliſh newſpaper!—The pregnancy of a Ducheſs—the dinner of a Stateſman—a treaty of peace—the candles of a Rout—the Diet of Ratiſbon—and the notice of an auction, were all jumbled together, and all treated with the ſame air of importance.

The department of Peregrine being more peculiarly that of invention, or what, according to the *cant* of his employers, was called the '*Miſcellaneous*,' was what was leaſt ſuited to a conſcience of any ſcruples. One time he was called upon for a ſtring of jeſts, a collection

collection of puns, or a column of ſquibs; and as no malevolence is ſo pleaſing as that which attacks the moſt eminent characters, the commands of his employers compelled him to direct theſe againſt the greateſt perſonages of the day.—For example: if a new title, however well deſerved, was ſeen to walk in the Green Park with the erect mien of conſcious merit, it was obſerved of him with equal wit and good-humour, that he was in too much haſte to *Lord* it over his equals.

The compoſition of ſuch wretched *puns* as theſe, to a man of wit, would of itſelf been ſufficient puniſhment; but when, on many other occaſions, to the wretchedneſs of the humour was added that of the infamy of the falſehood, the common ſenſe and common honeſty of Peregrine were equally diſguſted.

The office daily received intelligence from hirelings in its ſervice; and it often fell to the lot of Peregrine to go out in this ſearch. The truth or falſity of theſe reports was nothing to the purpoſe; every thing was acceptable that had malevolence enough to ſeaſon it. Such was the publiſhing confidence of the editors, that a falſe report was often more agreeable than a true one; as furniſhing them with a double paragraph, by the inſertion of it on one day, and the contradiction of it, *on better authority*, on the following. In a word, Peregrine had become fully diſguſted; but that he might not loſe one employ till he had ſecured another, he had the intention of delaying his retreat till the ſucceſs of an application he was making for an employment, better ſuited both to his talents and conſcience.

An unexpected incident, however, anticipated

pated this design. In one of the paragraphs of what may be called the scandalous column of this paper, the editor himself had inserted this sentence :—

" It is generally reported, in the circles of the first fashion, that a celebrated Officer, distinguished in America, is shortly to be honoured with the hand and fortune of the beautiful and accomplished Miss M——."

Upon the day following the appearance of this paragraph, and while Peregrine was in the office, a gentleman called, and demanded to see the editor. The latter being present, replied by denying himself; adding, that the editor (*viz.* himself) had been in

the country for ſome weeks, and was not expected to return for ſome months.

Peregrine, well verſed as he was in the tricks of the editors and writers of newſpapers, regarded him with aſtoniſhment. The gentleman appeared diſappointed, and demanded, with much chagrin, who conducted the paper, and was peculiarly *reſponſible* in his abſence.

The editor here touched the elbow of Peregrine with great eagerneſs, at the ſame moment whiſpering in his ear to reply himſelf; and, not ſufficiently aware of the conſequences, Peregrine readily obeyed. The gentleman, without further ceremony, addreſſed him.

" Sir, I have been ſome time engaged in paying my addreſſes to a lady, with whoſe hand I ſhould have been honoured on the ſame morning, but for the paragraph in your

ſcandalous

ſcandalous paper of yeſterday. To vindicate myſelf, Sir, and to ſatisfy the lady, I am compelled to puniſh *you!*"

Saying this, he inſtantly began to exerciſe his cane upon Peregrine's ſhoulders; who, being equally iraſcible, returned it with ſtretching the Iriſh fortune-hunter (for ſuch indeed he was) on the floor. He aroſe again, and a combat, more in the ſtyle of the *Broughtonian* ſchool than that of the *beau-monde*, enſued between them.

Peregrine had been ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the ſudden diſappearance of the editor, who, upon the firſt ſymptoms of ſuch a vigorous contention, had exerciſed his uſual prudence in ſlipping away. He now, however, reappeared with ſeveral of his men, whom he had collected, and ſummoned them with loud exclamations to witneſs the aſſault.

The combatants were with ſome difficulty ſeparated; and the well-bruiſed Iriſhman, with loud threats of future vengeance, and complaints that he had loſt a fortune of ten thouſand pounds, departed. The editor now applied himſelf to conſole Peregrine; the latter, however, was now reſolved to take leave of an employment which was attended with ſo much diſgrace. His employer, much againſt his will, was compelled to accept his reſignation; he ridiculed him, however, for his terror and ſcruples.

"What, what," exclaimed the journaliſt, "frightened with this! Look you, young man, I have exerciſed the ſame trade, either as journeyman or principal, theſe twenty years. For the firſt three years of my apprentice-ſhip, I was kicked almoſt to lameneſs. Let me tell you, young man, there is no being

editor

editor of a fashionable paper, unless you are passively valiant, and actively obedient."

Peregrine regarded him with some astonishment; but again mentioned the disgrace he had suffered, and his resolution to throw up his employment.

"Disgrace," repeated the editor, "what disgrace?—Had you been put in the pillory indeed, and exposed to the sight of the Strand, you might have some reason for that word. But where is the disgrace of a blow, which is not known; and which, as I can see, has left no marks behind?—Look you, Sir, I have been twice thrown out of my own window; thrice had my nose almost wrung from my face; I have been cudgelled as often as a beggar's dog; but I have taken it all!—What is the consequence? I am worth twenty thousand pounds, and six thousand

of my papers ſell every morning!—Think of that, young man—think of that!—Good pay for a kick!—But if you muſt retire——"

Peregrine again inſiſted on his former reſolution.

"Well, well, young man, if it muſt be ſo," continued the journaliſt, "make out your bill, and let us ſee and ſettle with you. But you may not know, I ſuppoſe, how to make the charges. My young man ſhall help you."

Saying this, and Peregrine not objecting, the bill was immediately drawn out and preſented; and, for the gratification of our readers, we ſhall here tranſcribe the items of the account:—

Meſſrs

Meſſrs. SCANDAL, SNEER, LIEWELL, and Co.

Debtors to &c. &c.

	£	s.	d.
To three Murders committed in the Strand (but not with the *dray*), at half-a-crown per murder	0	7	6
To two Homicides, at three ſhillings and ſixpence each	0	7	0
To the mental diſtreſs of the unfortunate relatives, a circumſtantial account	0	5	0
To five Suicides (with particulars) in the month of November	0	10	6
To three Robberies on Bagſhot Heath	0	6	4
To four ditto, on Hounſlow	0	4	2
To a Criticiſm on a new Play and Pantomime	0	5	0
To a Mad-dog on the Iſlington-road, that bit three children and a poor woman far advanced in her pregnancy	0	10	6
To a Rebellion in Ruſſia, with a hiſtory of the conſpiracy	1	6	4
To an Execution of the Conſpirators, and Speeches at the Scaffold	1	4	10
To ſcalping the Back Settlements in the Province of Canada	0	12	0
	£5	19	2

The ſeveral items of the bill were no ſooner made out than ſettled; and Peregrine, after receiving his money, took his leave. As he had now ſomething in advance, he was in no hurry to engage in any new employment, till he had time to look about him, and fix on one more adapted to his taſte and principles. He was, however, reſolved on one thing—never to engage in the buſineſs which he had juſt quitted; at leaſt, not in *that* department of furniſhing caſualties to a newſpaper. He forſwore all intercourſe with men whoſe trade was the groſſeſt corruption, and who were in reality paid for being infamous.

Peregrine had not been long in life; but the leſſons he had been taught were ſtriking and impreſſive: they had quickly ſucceeded each other, and had improved him in that moſt uſeful of all ſciences for a young man who

who is to make his way in the world—knowledge of the town.

A ſhort time elapſed in conſidering how he ſhould employ himſelf in repleniſhing his purſe, which now began to grow low; and he was at length ſummoned by the call of neceſſity to a ſpeedy reſolution.

One day as he was walking in the ſtreets, occupied in no very pleaſant thoughts, he was accoſted by a young man whom he had known at ſchool. Peregrine was well dreſſed, had money in his pocket, and was not aſhamed of his circumſtances, he therefore returned the ſalutation; and they ſauntered, arm in arm, through the ſtreets.

His companion was an Enſign in the Guards, and had all that frankneſs and liberality which belong to military men. He invited Peregrine to dine with him at a coffee-houſe; and after they had drunk freely,

and

and wine had inſpired confidence, the Officer made ſome enquiries how he was ſituated.—As there was nothing of impertinent curioſity in theſe queſtions, Peregrine made a free confeſſion of his preſent circumſtances.

" If this is the caſe," ſaid the young ſoldier, " your ſituation is too deſperate to pauſe at a choice.—I have ſomething in my eye which may ſuit you, if you are not inclined to be ſqueamiſh."

Peregrine aſſured him he was not, and begged to know what he meant.

" I muſt inform you, in the firſt place," continued his companion, " that there have been of late many diviſions in the *beau-monde*; and the party, of which I am a member, has ſo far ſeceded from the general ſyſtem, that it has incurred an almoſt univerſal hatred.—You will aſk what it has done?—Nothing. It has only attempted to combine a little

rationality

rationality in thoſe amuſements which were formerly without any. *Converſaziones* had fallen into diſrepute;—the *cognoſcenti* and *virtuoſi* were dull and phlegmatic;—in ſhort, nothing remained, but the acting of plays, to give an intereſt and ſpirit to the recreations of high life.—Well, you muſt know, when this was firſt propoſed in the circles of faſhion, by ſuch as generally led in them, it was received with general diſguſt. Some few, however, ſupported it; and what the minority wanted in ſtrength, it made up in activity. A party was ſoon formed; ſome Right Honourables lent their names; contributions were made; the liſts filled; a theatre was hired; and we enrolled ourſelves into a company of actors, under the management of ——— ———."

Peregrine, remembering his friend at ſchool not to have been gifted with the beſt

powers of utterance, aſked, in a delicate manner, what induced him to join the company.

" No deſire of diſtinguiſhing myſelf, I aſſure you," replied he. " I had different game in view; and thought the ſtage the beſt ground to hunt it upon. But of this another time.—What I have now to propoſe to you is, a ſituation for yourſelf. We are in want of a prompter. His ſalary will be liberal; he will have little to do; and will, moreover, be introduced into a ſplendid circle of faſhionable acquaintances.—Have you a mind to be a candidate for the office?"

Peregrine readily aſſented to the offer. In the courſe of his late employment, he had often declaimed againſt the immorality of the Pic-Nic Society; but this was no obſtacle. He was compelled to humour the public, and his ſentiments were not his own.

He

He had ſcarcely embraced this offer of his friend, when he was deſired to accompany him to the houſe of the Deputy Manager. This gentleman was not at his own houſe, but they found him at the Theatre. After the firſt introduction, the gentleman thus addreſſed Peregrine.

" I flatter myſelf, Sir, you are not one of thoſe illiberal characters who ſee danger to our *morals* in any amuſement which may add ſome diſtinction to our *ſenſe*.—You muſt be aware of the degraded ſtate of public amuſements; and more particularly of what are called the pleaſures of high life——"

He was interrupted in the midſt of his ſpeech by a ſervant in a ſplendid livery, who delivered him a note, which he read aloud.

" The

" The Counteſs of C—— preſents her compliments to the Deputy Manager, and begs leave to decline the character of Juliet, as the Captain has unfortunately ſprained his ankle, and ſhe is unwilling to perform the part with any *ſubſtitute*."

" Plague take it," continued the Manager, " this is a bad job. Sir Harry will be deviliſhly mortified;—and he *fee'd* well for being *caſt* in *Romeo!*—However," as he turned to the ſervant, " my compliments to her Ladyſhip, and we ſhall hope for her company at ſupper."

The young Officer now demanded of him whom he would fix upon for Juliet?

" I ſhall have plenty of candidates, I warrant you," replied he, " when they know Sir Harry is the Romeo.—But how goes on your

your own affair?—You were in a fair way when I put you in *Archer*. The Colonel would have given a hundred pounds for the ſcene with Mrs. Sullen in the bedchamber; but it was a ſtroke of friendſhip between us, you know, and I could not break it."

The young Officer made his acknowledgments, and proceeded to explain his hopes.

"Why aye, to be ſure," continued the Manager, "could you deſire a better opportunity?—Hark-ye, I ſhall put you down for *Ranger* next, and her Ladyſhip for *Mrs. Strickland!* and then, if you do not improve the opportunity, you are not the man I take you for."

Here followed freſh acknowledgments, which were interrupted by the entrance of a tall, bony, well-made man, whom Peregrine found, by his accent, to be an Iriſhman.

man. He was a ſubſcriber to the Inſtitution, and thus explained the cauſe of his viſit to the Manager.

" You muſt know, Sir, I am conſumedly in love with a certain lady who, laſt week, played *Cherry* in the Beaux Stratagem. It was on *her* account I principally became a member. Now, Sir, I expect to be called ſpeedily to join my regiment in Gibraltar, and cannot afford time for a regular court-ſhip; I am deſirous, therefore, to take a *ſhort cut*, and have to requeſt the favour of being put down for the character of *Captain Gibbet*."

" I am very ſorry, Sir," replied the Manager, " that I muſt diſappoint you; but the part of *Captain Gibbet* is already appropriated to a particular friend of my own, who has the ſame deſigns with yourſelf. To my knowledge he has purſued *that ſame lady* theſe

two

two years, from park to play—from Ranelagh to Vauxhall, and builds his hopes upon running her down on this ground at laſt.—It is an unfortunate thing, Sir, and cannot be helped."

The Iriſhman was much diſconcerted at this information; and, pauſing a moment, begged to know if the character of Aimwell was filled?—Being anſwered in the affirmative, his chagrin increaſed, and he left the preſence of the Manager with much apparent diſſatisfaction. After he was gone, that gentleman thus continued—

"P—x take the fellow! does he think a fine girl is to be had at this rate!—Ha, ha, ha! Captain, you know the difference.—Other Managers pay their actors; but my actors muſt pay *me!*"

The Captain (Peregrine's friend) did, indeed, know the *difference*. It had coſt him a hundred

hundred pounds for being caſt in the character of *Archer*; but ſuch had been his ſucceſs, "*in limine*," with the object of his purſuits, that he had readily given fifty more for the part of *Ranger* in the Suſpicious Huſband. This was the laſt demand which he expected upon his purſe; for he entertained the moſt ſanguine hopes of being able ſoon to boaſt *value received* for all his diſburſements. The Manager, who was of a communicative diſpoſition, thus continued—

"No one, I flatter myſelf, Captain, knows the price of *beauty* better than myſelf.—Give me a handſome Juliet, and I'll make as much of her as a *benefit*;—give me a *fair Monimia*, and ſhe ſhall be as productive to me as a new play!"

Peregrine, whoſe morality was of a ſtricter kind than that of either his friend or the Manager, did not receive much pleaſure from this conver-

converſation. The office of a prompter he conceived not to be very reſpectable; and, from the ſample he had already had of the Deputy Manager, he reſolved, ſhould the poſt be offered him, to reject it. He could not conſent, however, to mortify his friend, who had propoſed him, or to ſtate his reaſons for declining it, but contented himſelf with evaſive anſwers.

"We ſhall be proud of your aſſiſtance, Sir," ſaid the Manager, as he left them together; "and *your* recommendations, Captain," to the young Officer, "is ſufficient. Every thing, at this Theatre, is determined upon by a Board;—one will be held to-morrow; when, if you will attend, your appointment ſhall be finally agreed upon."

He now took his leave; and Peregrine ſoon after returned to his lodgings. Determined not to accept an office which he conceived

conceived diſhonourable, he perſiſted in his firſt reſolution. He wrote a polite note to the Deputy Manager, thanking him for his countenance, but declining the honour of inliſting under him. This was a victory over ſelf-intereſt, upon which the conſcience of Peregrine moſt warmly congratulated him. The next morning he waited upon his friend the Officer, and communicated his ſcruples to him. They were received with a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried the Captain, "what nice prudery is this!—If you are ſo ſqueamiſh, my friend, how do you expect to proſper in the world?"

Peregrine made no reply to this raillery, but perſiſted in his firſt intentions. His friend ſoon perceived that what he termed his *prejudices*, were unconquerable; deſiſting, therefore, from all further raillery, he relapſed

relapſed into his former habits of friendſhip, and propoſed many things, which he thought to the advantage of Peregrine. Some, however, were not adapted to his means—ſome were ill ſuited to his taſte—and few were agreeable to his principles.

The Officer, with the generous frankneſs of youth, now made him an offer of his purſe, which Peregrine, with much gratitude, declined. He ſoon afterwards took his leave, in queſt of ſome new employment.

As he was reading the newſpapers in a coffee-houſe, an advertiſement caught his attention. It was from a bookſeller, and invited the application of any man of literature to engage as foreman in a ſhop; a full knowledge of books was required, and no drudgery or mean employment was demanded. This offer was not indeed very inviting, but the time of choice was over. The finances of

Peregrine were not in a ſtate to make him ſcrupulous, and it was neceſſary to ſeize upon the firſt opportunity of any decent proviſion.

He waited upon the advertiſer, whoſe name was Pirate, and required a further ſight into the nature of his employment. It was ſufficiently liberal not to degrade the man who ſhould undertake it; and the manner and converſation of Peregrine winning inſenſibly upon the bookſeller, a bargain was ſoon ſtruck between them, and the following day fixed upon for an entrance upon his new employment.

Upon his return to his lodgings, Peregrine found a letter from the Deputy Manager, deſiring an interview with him at his own houſe. Peregrine obeyed, and being introduced to his preſence, was thus addreſſed by him.

"I am

"I am ſorry, Sir," ſaid he, "you would not permit us to provide for you; but the poſt might poſſibly be degrading to you. Will you accept of another?"

Peregrine demanded what it was.

"An engagement in our Company," continued the Manager. "Your perſon is good; and I am ſatisfied, by ſo doing, that I ſhall oblige many of my beſt *female* ſubſcribers. I have to tell you a ſecret moreover:—a certain lady, who ſaw you yeſterday at the Theatre, is much taken with your addreſs and manners; ſhe bade me propoſe it to you."

The reader may gueſs the anſwer of Peregrine. He almoſt immediately took his leave of the Manager; who, on his part, conceived a very humble opinion of this young gentleman's underſtanding.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHAP. III.

UPON the following day, Peregrine attended at the appointed hour, and found Mr. Pirate already employed in his daily labours.

That our reader may better underſtand the nature of this employment, unfortunately for the intereſt of the numerous fraternity of authors, too common, we ſhall exhibit a ſhort portraiture of this well-known character. With regard to its being within nature, ourſelves, and any of our good-natured readers, might only wiſh it were leſs frequent.

In a certain ſtreet in London, but which it is not our purpoſe to mention, are one or more of the ſpecies of bookſellers, who, in their haſte to get rich beyond the common courſe of trade, introduce a kind of *ruſés de guérre*, or tricks of trade, which may be more laudable for their ingenuity, than within the pale of common honeſty. The purchaſe of a manuſcript, particularly of an author of any eminence, is dear: theſe gentlemen, therefore, are very careful to have no concern in the copy-right; but the work is no ſooner bought, and publiſhed by another, than, according to the language of the trade, it is pirated. It is true, indeed, that even literary property is in ſome meaſure within the protection of the law, but this claſs of men are not without ſufficient devices to elude all reſtrictions:— he pirater, for example, is not within the letter of the law,

unleſs the identity of the work is proved; that is to ſay, unleſs the pirated copy exhibits every letter, every comma, every period, and every ſentence of its original.

It is thus eaſily perceived what a loop to the knavery of ſuch literary ſharpers is by theſe means preſented. By a kind of proceſs, which may be called commercial permutation, the work under their hands aſſumes a new form; and every important part being ſtill preſerved, under the names of Beauties, Abridgments, and Extracts, they reap the harveſt of others with impunity; and the fair trader, who has embarked perhaps a part of his capital in a literary undertaking of magnitude, is thus defrauded of his profits.

Such is the practice of theſe piraters in the greater kind of works; in the leſs ones, where, though the real purchaſer may have

ſome

ſome profit, yet it may not be ſufficient to induce him, for the defence of this right, to have recourſe to law, theſe *piraters* being *here* aſſured of a more perfect impunity, are ſtill leſs ſcrupulous. The whole of the work becomes their prey; and any book, poem, or ſermon, as ſoon as it appears in the world, is preſented by them in a ſmaller volume, and thus ſold at a cheaper rate. A ſet of men more effrontleſs, or more impregnable to ſhame, does not exiſt among the whole body of traders.—Such was Mr. Paul Pirate, the preſent employer of Peregrine.

Upon the entrance of Peregrine, this gentleman happened to be employed in his uſual manner. Peregrine demanding what he had to do, Mr. Pirate put into his hands the works of a juſtly celebrated philoſopher of the day.

"Here," ſaid he, "is P——y's Modern

Philoſophy, a work that ſells well; though, for my part, I ſee nothing in it. But it ſells well, and therefore anſwers its publiſher's purpoſe, and muſt anſwer mine.—We muſt give a new copy of it. Some part may be left out, without loſs to the ſenſe, and much ſaving of the paper.—Theſe authors, let me tell you, are ſometimes too long-winded, and never conſider the new tax of twopence per ream.——Employ yourſelf, for this morning's labour, in marking thoſe paſſages which may be omitted, without being miſſed by the reader."

Peregrine took the copy, and regarding him with ſome aſtoniſhment, demanded of him if he was the original purchaſer of the manuſcript, as the name of another was affixed.

"What!" replied Mr. Pirate, "give five hundred pounds for a copy-right, which I can

I can have, as far as anſwers my purpoſes, for nothing!—No, no, faith! let *others* purchaſe copy-rights, whilſt I live on the fruits. No author ſhall ever boaſt that he lives by *me!*—Think 'em a nuſance—a ſet of lazy raſcals that deſerve no encouragement!—Why, what is an author?—When *I* want a new thing—get my journeyman to write one. A clever fellow, faith!—Writes a letter to a Member of Parliament, and again anſwers it himſelf, as well as the beſt of them."

Peregrine here again returned to the ſubject of his morning's duty; and ſetting aſide the queſtion of principle, which he ſaw would have little weight with pirates, ſuggeſted the danger of a proſecution.

"A proſecution!" ſaid Pirate; "there's that for a proſecution!" ſnapping his fingers. "No, no, faith! we manage better than that.

Print a new title-page—clap *Dublin* at the bottom—and put a paper up at the window, that half-a-dozen *cheap* copies are to be ſold within. A friend comes: for fear of accidents, we ſhew him a copy of the firſt publiſher; in the meantime, examine our man; if he ſuits, whiſper in his ear that we have got a few cheap copies from Ireland, but are unwilling to ſell them, leſt we ſhould injure the *firſt publiſher*; but now and then oblige a friend, and, in hopes of his future cuſtom, will oblige him with a *ſingle* copy, but can by no means let him have *two*.—Ha, ha, ha! that's the way, my boy!—Ha, ha, ha! take 'em in, d—mme—that's the way!——Here, Dick," continued he, calling to a journeyman, "teach this young man what he is to do!"—and in the ſame moment turning to Peregrine, "Little Dick will teach you every thing

thing that is neceſſary to be known. A clever fellow Dick, faith! as good an author as the beſt of them!"

Mr. Pirate then left the ſhop, leaving Peregrine and his companion to themſelves. It was ſome time before the former could recover from his aſtoniſhment; he was curious, however, to underſtand better this myſtery of the trade, and therefore very readily encouraged the loquacious familiarity of little Dick.

"Come, come," ſaid he, "fear nothing, brother!—Maſter pays well; our trade is gainful, and eaſy to be learned. We are a kind of ſmugglers, you ſee; and no one, as the proverb goes, lives ſo well as a ſmuggler. —What do you think now *I* make for myſelf?"

Peregrine replied that he knew not.

" I'll tell you," continued his facetious companion. " Here, who do you think wrote this book?" taking up a well-bound octavo. " A neat article, faith!—Who do you think wrote this, I say?"

Peregrine here took the book, and examined it. He found it expensively bound; and its title, " Flowers of English Poetry, or the Beauties of the English Poets, with prefaces upon their distinguishing styles, and notes critical, literary, philosophical, and explanatory; for the use of schools, officers in the army, and ladies."—Peregrine confessed that he did not know the author.

" But guess, guess," said Dick, " guess!"

" Well," replied Peregrine, " some man of taste and learning, I suppose. He undertakes a great deal—no less than to teach the politer part of the nation. He must doubtless be a critic, as his notes are critical; and

as

as literary and philoſophical, ſhould be a man of letters and a philoſopher."

"Ha, ha, ha!" replied Dick, with a loud laugh, "this man of letters—this critic—and this philoſopher, is no other than myſelf! —Yes, yes, faith! I am the author of theſe Beauties!"

"You!—you!" replied Peregrine, regarding him with a ſtare.

"Yes, *I, I!*" replied the other. "I have been the author of one-third of the *minor* works of the day. Do you ſee a pamphlet upon ſcarcity——'My Lord, the alarming criſis of the times induces me to trouble your Lordſhip, &c.'——Ha, ha, ha! 'tis *me!*—Yes, faith! 'tis all from little Dick. Do you ſee a letter upon the ſuſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus Act——'Sir, the high place of reſponſibility which you hold as Miniſter of Great Britain, &c.'——Egad! 'tis all *me* again!

again!—I have written on ſcarcity till I am as plump as a partridge; and the ſuſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus Act has releaſed me from the Poultry Counter!"

The ſummons to dinner now put an end to their converſation. Pirate had none of the pride of the higher order of tradeſmen, that of keeping their dependants at a diſtance. Little Dick and Peregrine were deſired to take a ſeat at his table, where they found a company compoſed of the loweſt drudges of literature. It would have been difficult to have collected an aſſembly of a more ſingular aſpect: the whole tribe of libellers—the whole fraternity of pamphleteers—the authors of *Obies*, Ghoſts of the Caſtle, and Letters on Peace, all found here a ready welcome and a ſirloin.—New works were here planned.

" Hence Miſcellanies ſprung, the weekly boaſt
" Of Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt.
" Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines—
" Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines,
" Sepulchral lies our holy walls to grace,
" And New Year Odes, and all the Grub-ſtreet race."

The converſation of the company was interrupted by the entrance of the ſhop-boy, who ſummoned Mr. Pirate to a ſtranger without. Pirate deſired the perſon to be ſhewn in; but repented his imprudence, when the boy having delivered his meſſage, a man entered, who, by his appearance, ſeemed to be one of the official attendants at the office of the Secretary of State.—The countenance of Pirate inſtantly changed to an aſhy paleneſs, and his alarm ſtill further increaſed, when the meſſenger demanded to ſpeak to him without.

It may be ſuppoſed that the merriment of the

the good company was not a little disturbed by this adventure, and they awaited the termination of it in silent curiosity. After some time had elapsed, the boy again entered, and summoned Peregrine to the private apartment of his master, adding, to the hasty enquiries of the company, that his master was now alone, and desired to speak with Peregrine. The latter obeyed, and followed the boy to his master's closet, with some curiosity as to the subject of the interview. As he entered, he saw the most evident signs of emotion in the countenance of Pirate, who no sooner, on his part, beheld Peregrine, than, pushing out the boy, and shutting the door behind him, he thus addressed him—

"My dear lad," said he, in a hurried manner, "you know that I have been one of your best friends!"

"I have known you, Sir," replied Peregrine,

Peregrine, "but a few hours; and you must pardon me, therefore, if I can recall to my mind but few favours."

"True, true," returned the other; "I mean that I am willing to be one of your best friends.—Indeed I may even say that I have been one already; for you know, my dear boy, so much of the trade," wringing his hand, "that, with common prudence, you may make a fortune!—Yes, yes, 'tis a maxim of mine always to treat my men as if they were my own children; and little Dick and you shall have no reason to repent your services. But accidents will happen in all trades, and one has just happened in mine.—Tell me, my boy, are you grateful, and will you stand my friend?"

Peregrine demanded a more explicit explanation, before he would engage himself to do any thing.

"Well,

" Well, well," replied the other, " the affair is this:—A few weeks ago I publiſhed what we call a *Rocket*;—you underſtand me, a ſquib againſt the Miniſters; a little libellous or ſo, but no great matter. Well, they have taken dudgeon at it—commenced a proſecution—demanded the author; or, in default of producing him, I muſt ſtand to the penalties myſelf.—You underſtand me, hey! you underſtand me?"

" Then why not," interrupted Peregrine, " produce the author?"

" That's the thing—that's the thing, my good lad!—Can't be done," replied Pirate; " the dog has tricked me—ſtole a peck of coals—and was tranſported laſt Seſſions!—In ſhort, there is only this thing to be done: either you, or little Dick, muſt confeſs the work.—As to Dick, he has already ſtood in the pillory once, and ſuffered ſo much from the

the mob, that the dog has not the courage to venture a ſecond time.——Confeſs yourſelf the author, my lad," continued Pirate, pulling out a purſe, and preſenting it to Peregrine; "it ſhall make you for ever!—And, let me tell you, you are not the firſt who has owed his fortune to his diſgrace."

It is needleſs to ſay with what contempt Peregrine declined both the money and the requeſt. The converſation was here interrupted by the entrance of Dick, who ſignified to his maſter the return of the meſſenger. Peregrine did not think it neceſſary to await the event; but, notwithſtanding all the pathetic remonſtrances of Pirate, that he ſhould be permitted, at his age, to ſtand the inſolence of a rabble, enforced by the arguments of Dick, that, himſelf having already ſuffered, it was now Peregrine's turn, left the apartment, and in a few minutes afterwards the houſe.

houſe. His aſtoniſhment at the ſingular requeſt of Pirate had hitherto reſtrained his mirth, but he had no ſooner gained the ſtreet than he gave it free vent.

Within a few paces of Pirate's door, he was met by one of the clerks of the Regiſter Office, to which he had ſome time ſince made an application. Seeing his merriment, the latter demanded of him its cauſe; and, as nothing renders us more ſocial and more communicative than mirth, Peregrine related it to him. The clerk joined him in his laugh againſt the forlorn bookſeller; but, after he had indulged ſome moments at Pirate's expence, addreſſed Peregrine—"I have met you in good time," ſaid he; "we have found a ſituation which we think may ſuit you.—Follow me to our office, and you ſhall hear."

Peregrine thanked him, and requeſted him to lead the way.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

THEY ſoon arrived at the office, and Peregrine was introduced to the Principal by the friendly clerk.

" I think," ſaid the Principal, " I have now ſuited you; but anſwer me, can you undertake to teach the French and Italian languages?"

Peregrine replied in the affirmative.

" The ſituation then will ſuit you," continued he: " it is with a friend of mine, an old merchant, who has an only daughter, whom he wiſhes to be inſtructed in thoſe languages.

languages. I have mentioned you, and you have only to attend his houſe, and obtain an engagement. My clerk ſhall go with you, and introduce you."

Peregrine thanked him, and attended by the friendly clerk, immediately repaired to the place. The latter, in his way, informed Peregrine that himſelf had been employed in the counting-houſe of the ſame merchant; and, in anſwer to the enquiries of Peregrine, endeavoured to give him ſome inſight into his character. But as his language might be ſomewhat too mercantile for our readers, we ſhall preſent them with the ſubſtance of what he ſaid, in our own words.

The character of the merchant to whoſe houſe Peregrine was now proceeding, and in whoſe ſervice he was engaged the moment he preſented himſelf, was not ill expreſſed by his name; for, though ſcarcely yet in the middle

middle age of life, he was never called by any other appellation than that of Old Method.—He was ſtrictly punctual in every part of his mercantile dealings; a contract with him was as ſecure of performance to its very laſt *iota*, as if indorſed by the Governors of the Bank; he was never known to demand more than the trade and market price; he was faithful to his truſt, and, even in circumſtances of certain loſs, ever ſteady to his word. With theſe qualities, ſo exactly adapted to mercantile ſucceſs, it will not be a ſubject of much aſtoniſhment that, in the ſhort period of fourteen years, he ſhould have amaſſed a conſiderable fortune; that he had purchaſed a handſome villa in the neighbourhood of Town, where he was in the habit of reſiding; that is to ſay, he reſided in it from the Saturday noon, till the ſame hour on the following Monday; that he had given

given an expenſive education to an only daughter, and that every thing around him was impreſſed with the character of affluence. In his counting-houſe the greater part of the morning; between two and three, on Change; dinner with his family at four; at Tom's, Lloyd's, or the Chapter, from ſeven to eight; and at home for the remainder of the evening; in one word, a true Engliſh merchant —ſuch was Mr. Method.

Peregrine being engaged and ſettled in his apartment, entered the following morning on what he underſtood was to be his daily duty —that of inſtructing the young lady, the daughter of the merchant, in the French and Italian languages. As this lady is of no inconſiderable importance in our hiſtory, it may be neceſſary to ſay a few words upon her perſon and character.

It is the well-known and, indeed, generous practice

practice of men who have either themſelves amaſſed, or inherited a fortune made in trade, to conſult their taſte more than their avarice in their choice of a wife; and, in a woman of an agreeable perſon, to ſeek nothing but herſelf. To their praiſe be it ſpoken, they leave the trade of match-making to fortunes broken on the turf, to bankrupt Nobles, and ruined gameſters; they content themſelves with growing rich by the uſual courſe of trade, and would as ſoon think of keeping an Opera ſinger, or ſupporting a French *figuranté*, as of driving a traffic in wives.

Mr. Method, in his choice, had followed the maxim of his fraternity, and had made his election of a woman who had nothing to recommend her but her ſingular beauty and virtue. This lady had been ſome years dead, but had left behind her a daughter, whoſe

perſonal charms were equal to thoſe of her deceaſed mother. Cecilia, the name of this young lady, was now in her eighteenth year—a period of life when, according to the Italian poet, "the bud of ſenſibility begins to unfold, and the heart to open to the reception of the ſweeteſt emotions of our nature."

Such was the young pupil to whom Peregrine was to become a tutor. It is needleſs to add, that nothing could be more pleaſing than ſuch a taſk. Peregrine, even inſenſibly to himſelf, became the St. Préux to this new Eloiſe; in a word, the truth of our hiſtory compels us to acknowledge that he had ſcarcely been a month in the houſe, before he became equally enamoured with his office, as his pupil. Nor was the ſingular character of the young lady unfavourable to a paſſion of this nature.

Cecilia,

Cecilia, in the earlier part of life, which always forms a future character, had lived in the country with an elderly maiden aunt; and being compelled to ſeek amuſement in a library of old Romances, with which the taſte of her aunt, who had in her youth been diſappointed where ſhe had placed her affections, had ſtocked the houſe, her mind had received a tinge from theſe dangerous ſtudies. This ſingularity was viſible even in her language, which was compoſed for the moſt part of the ſtyle of romance. Her converſation with her confidantes always ran upon delicate ſituations, ſentiments of the heart, and emotions of ſtrong ſenſibility. Her temper was inclined to melancholy, and this diſpoſition of mind ſhe conceived the only true one for a heroine of a Romance. She had been often heard to declare that *joy* was only the paſſion of a vulgar love; and that a

ſerenity of mind and temper was incompatible with a feeling heart. Indeed, in her ſyſtem of love, ſhe was as ſtrong an advocate for *miſery* as ever was Heraclitus himſelf, the maxims of which philoſopher ſhe was much inclined to. In a word, ſhe had ſo much inflamed her fancy by reading the Romances of the two laſt centuries, that ſhe knew nothing of the cuſtoms and manners of *this*, but had commenced an inhabitant of another world. Her ideas and opinions had principally been formed upon thoſe treaſures of ancient learning—Artaxerxes, and the Grand Cyrus.

But as this young lady is of ſo much importance in our hiſtory, and as character is beſt explained by incident, we ſhall here introduce one, which will ſerve more fully to explain her ſingular foible.

The young lady had a correſpondent, whom,

whom, according to an affection not unuſual, ſhe called in common by the name of Celia. The latter, from ſympathy of character, was indeed well ſuited as a friend to our heroine. It happened that Celia, as ſhe was called, was addreſſed by a gentleman of ſome merit; but as the lady had a fortune very inferior to his own, the guardians of the young gentleman, who was ſtill under age, were not ſo well pleaſed with the affair as the wiſhes of the lovers would have had them. Leander (for, diſpleaſed with the Chriſtian name of *John*, the ladies had thus changed it) had written to his miſtreſs the ill ſucceſs of an application for their conſent; Celia loſt not a moment, but flew for comfort and advice to her friend Cecilia.

Peregrine happened to be walking in the ſhrubbery of the old merchant's country villa when this viſit was paid; and as the ladies,

to be leſs interrupted, had retired to a walk in the garden, parallel to that in which Peregrine was, the latter had a full opportunity of overhearing what was ſaid. Some of the prefatory converſation having previouſly paſſed in the houſe, Cecilia demanded of her friend what impeded her union with her lover?

"You forget what I have now told you," replied the other; "my fortune is no more than five thouſand pounds."

"Five thouſand pounds, my dear," returned Cecilia; "and what would you have it?"

"Six; for ſo much would make me the happieſt of women. The guardians of my lover think that his fortune has a claim to ſuch a portion; and, with a cruel prudence natural to ſuch flinty creatures, they reject me for the want of this paltry money.—

They

They are London bankers, my dear; and it is folly to expect from them any feeling.—But shall I shew you a letter I have just received from Leander?"

Saying this, she produced a letter, the contents of which were as follow:—

From Leander to Celia.

"MY DEAR CELIA,

"I have failed in my application to my guardians. My disappointment, which I did not expect, has made me so truly miserable, that it scarcely left me strength to write this billet.—Oh my Celia! my only love! my heart's best and fondest treasure! there are bosoms which never felt the sacred flame of the soft passion, and which only smile at the tenderness they have not the

heart to feel. Such are my mercantile—my money-making guardians!—I have this moment received the enclosed note from their hated hands!—Weep with me, Celia, over this sad shock to all our hopes!"

To Mr. ———.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your father, by a will duly signed and witnessed, according to the letter of the Act, appointed us, Philip Cashwell and Jeremy Gripewell, Esqrs. of Cornhill, bankers, to be his executors and your guardians. This being true, as no doubt you well know, though we thus take the liberty to remind you of it; we, Philip Cashwell and the above-mentioned Jeremy Gripewell, consider it as our duty to give a decided negative to the

the requeſt contained in your note, bearing date this preſent day. We know nothing either for or againſt the young lady, Miſs Loveday, whom you mention; there is no ſuch name as that in our books, nor have we ever heard of a merchant of that name in the city. However this, on proper conſiderations, we might be induced to overlook; but we muſt obſerve that this young lady, the aforeſaid Miſs Loveday, appears to us, from your own ſtatement, to have no ſuch conſiderations belonging to her, and is therefore perfectly inadmiſſible. You ſay her fortune is five thouſand pounds; but you forget to ſay whether it is in the Three per Cents, Conſols. Long Annuities, or Navy Exchequer Bills.—However this may be, we beg leave to repeat that ſhe is perfectly inadmiſſible. It is not upon the figures, Sir, and will not therefore do. Your eſtate, in the

moſt moderate calculation, has a fair claim to ſix thouſand pounds; wherefore we declare it our bounden duty, as honeſt guardians, to proteſt againſt a *leſs ſum*.

" If the young lady wants a banker, we would take it as a favour if you would recommend our houſe.

" We are your obedient
" Humble ſervants,

" P. CASHWELL.
" J. GRIPEWELL.

" P. S. You have forgotten to date your laſt *draft* upon us, which we ſhould likewiſe remind you exceeds your allowance by £24 11*s*. 6*d*.—We return it to you for the purpoſe, and ſhall then *honour* it."

When

When Celia had finiſhed this letter, ſhe demanded of Cecilia what ſhe thought of it.

" Why," replied ſhe, " were I Leander, I would rather conſult myſelf than my guardians.—I would leave them to their prudence and their Navy Bills, and follow my miſtreſs and my own inclinations."

" You would do this," returned her companion, " were you Leander;—and pray what would you do, were you Celia?"

" I would take the firſt opportunity Leander gave me to go off with him."

" Good Heavens!" exclaimed Celia, " do you know what you are doing—do you know that you are adviſing me to elope?"

" By all means, my dear; what ſhould hinder you?——Neither you nor Leander have any parents; and though your guardians may have a legal, they have no natural authority over you. Whom then do you elope

from?—Not from a father; to ſuch authority, indeed, an elopement would be rebellion—an outrage againſt that duty and obedience which we owe to him. But your elopement includes no defiance of an authority you are bound to reſpect;—you elope from guardians, who care little about you, to the arms of a warm and generous lover, who, in becoming your huſband, aſſures you of a natural protector.—For myſelf, therefore, were I in your ſituation, I ſhould not heſitate a moment; and were my lover backward, I would even ſpur him to the enterpriſe;—I would never ſacrifice my happineſs to the ſcruples of a falſe delicacy."

"Leander," returned Celia, "has the ſame ſentiments, and has often written to me on the ſubject. There is one thing, I believe, which has hindered him from propoſing it, on the anſwer of his guardians to his

his laſt application. Theſe money-making wretches, as he ſo juſtly calls them, under the pretence of juſtice, treat him with the moſt cruel hardſhip. Though his fortune is ſo ample, the allowance they give him out of it is pitiful and inſufficient. They ſeem to conſider it a point of prudence, and therefore their duty, to ſtarve him at preſent, in order to enrich him when he comes of age. I believe, therefore, he wants the means, rather than the inclination, to propoſe the expedient you have ſuggeſted. In ſhort, he wants the money neceſſary for ſuch an enterpriſe.—Now I could let him have it myſelf, for my guardians are ſomewhat more liberal; but this would have more generoſity than delicacy."

Celia, having by this time rather lengthened her viſit beyond the uſual bound, took leave of her friend, her head full of impracticable

ticable ſchemes to aſſiſt her embarraſſed lover. Cecilia, after the departure of her friend, ſtill continued her walk; and, by the thoughtfulneſs impreſſed on her countenance, appeared to be wrapped in meditation.

It was ſome time before Peregrine could eſcape unobſerved from the place of his retreat; nor did he indeed even at length eſcape wholly ſo. The young lady perceiving him, advanced towards him, and addreſſed him.

"I have a favour to aſk;—may I flatter myſelf, Sir, that I ſhall find your uſual readineſs to oblige me?"

It is needleſs to add that Peregrine replied with a warm affirmative. The lady proceeded to explain what Peregrine already knew, with regard to her friend and her Leander. She concluded by delivering a pocket-book into the hands of Peregrine; adding, that what ſhe required was, that he ſhould contrive

contrive ſome method to become acquainted with Leander, and ſhould ſeize the firſt opportunity to ſupply him with the ſum neceſſary for his purpoſes.

" His cruel guardians," ſaid ſhe, " ſcarcely allow him what is ſufficient to preſerve the common decorum of his ſituation in life ;— it is only by flight that he can elude their tyranny, and be united to his miſtreſs. I believe you will ſcarcely feel leſs ſatisfaction than myſelf, in becoming the inſtrument of their happineſs. Alas! that the tyranny of our elders, whether under the names of parents or guardians, ſhould thus be permitted! —Alas! that the feelings of the heart—the ſofteſt ſentiments of our nature, muſt be thus repreſſed!"

Peregrine, even in deſpite of his reſpect for the young lady, could ſcarcely refrain from a laugh at theſe ſentimental effuſions ;

and he again reflected within himself, with some surprise, that the understanding of Cecilia, upon every other point no less solid than penetrating, should be thus subdued by the habits of early life.

He did not, however, hesitate to comply with the young lady's request; and, taking his leave of her, he promised to see Leander in the course of the day. He sallied out in the same moment to execute this singular commission, and, being full of other thoughts, had proceeded the length of some streets, before it occurred to his memory that he had forgotten to enquire the present abode of the object of his pursuit. He was about to return for this purpose, when his attention was called off to a tumult in the street.

A young man, in the habits, and, to do him justice, of the appearance of a gentleman, had descended from a curricle, and challenged

challenged to a pugiliſtic conteſt a hackney-coachman. Peregrine, enquiring into the cauſe of the diſpute, could procure no other anſwer than that the gentleman and hackney-coachman were equally celebrated amateurs of pugiliſm, and that each having meaſured the other with his eye, and thus concluding themſelves ſuitably matched, the gentleman had given, and the coachman accepted the challenge. The ring, however, was now made, and the combatants having ſtripped, the battle commenced.

It is the boaſt of the preſent times, to have improved the national ſtock of amuſements. It was the cuſtom in former days that many exerciſes, and more particularly thoſe of a pugiliſtic nature, were excluſively confined to the lower claſſes; or, if they ever found any place amongſt our higher ranks, they had the prudence not to exhibit their feats to public view.

view. But Fashion, like Fortune, is subject even to contraries, and is so little governed by reason in any of her changes, that a succeeding age may as far surpass the present, as the present may boast to have exceeded the past.

We shall not interrupt the course of our narrative to relate the various evolutions of this fashionable contest; suffice it to say, that the gentleman was at length borne away by the spectators, and Peregrine amongst the number, as no longer able to maintain the contest. The general plaudits of the surrounding circle celebrated the victory of the coachman, and a subscription was set on foot, by the successful result of which he became independent for the remainder of his life. Nor has he been ungrateful to his patrons; his merit has rather augmented with its liberal reward. To the admiration of the amateurs,

amateurs, he has never yet been conquered; on the other hand, he may reckon amongſt his trophies that few have ever ſurvived a battle with himſelf.

To return to the young gentleman:—he was taken to his lodgings in Bond Street; and, as Peregrine had attended him thither, he conſented, upon his requeſt (as he had now recovered his ſpeech) to remain to dinner with him. Fortunately for this unſucceſsful combatant, he had received little other injury than a temporary ſuſpenſion of breath; we muſt except, indeed, that his face was much disfigured. By the hour of dinner, he had ſomewhat recovered the effects of the conteſt.

The converſation which took place between Peregrine and himſelf, had for ſome moments no other ſubject than the battle; but became, by inſenſible degrees, more familiar.

The

The firſt bottle had not been exhauſted, when the gentleman, taking a picture from his boſom, preſented it to Peregrine, and demanded his opinion upon it. The latter immediately recogniſed the features of Celia; and if he had any further doubt, it was immediately removed by reading, upon the back of the tablet, the ſuperſcription—"Celia to her Leander."—Peregrine, after a moment of aſtoniſhment, could ſcarcely refrain a laugh at ſuch a Leander as the one before him.

It is needleſs to add that he did not loſe the opportunity to execute his commiſſion. Having upon ſome pretence delivered the pocket-book, he took his leave, and returned home.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THOUGH Peregrine was already the admirer of Cecilia, he had not yet preſumed to conſider himſelf as her lover; nor, perhaps, would ever have appeared in that character, but for an event of ſome ſingularity.

Old Method having amaſſed, as we have ſaid above, great wealth, had an ambition, not unuſual with thoſe in trade, of becoming the founder of a family. He knew that as the eſtates of our Noblemen became dilapidated by modern luxury, they were in the habits of ſeeking to repair them from the

the affluent gains of mercantile economy; and that a city heireſs was one of the beſt reſources for a ruined Nobleman.

The beauty of his daughter, which ſeemed heightened in paternal eyes, confirmed theſe hopes almoſt to a full conviction. Old Method had awaited with impatience the maturity of his daughter to realize theſe proſpects. He was eager for the deſirable appellation of father-in-law from a Peer of the realm; and, in ſome of his reveries, already addreſſed his daughter, in his own fancy, by the title of Counteſs.

This impatience, perhaps, for the concluſion of his project was further increaſed by the circumſtance of every thing elſe being prepared; and that nothing but the extreme youth of his daughter retarded the fulfilment of his wiſhes. With the uſual policy of a trader, he had already prepared every inſtrument

ment neceſſary for his purpoſe; and the moment that his daughter completed her ſixteenth year, ſhe was to be introduced to her lover and future huſband. It may excite a ſmile, perhaps, to add a few words upon the perſon and character of this deſtined lover of Cecilia.

In the neighbourhood of the country-houſe of old Method, was a ſeat of ſome magnificence, and an eſtate, but for the encumbrance of heavy mortgages, of ſome value to its nominal owner. The name of its poſſeſſor was Lord Acreleſs, a name of ſome modern celebrity; and which for many years has been foremoſt upon the liſts of luxury and extravagance.

Lord Acreleſs had been heir to the title and the relics of the ancient family eſtate, which, in the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys, had been one of the largeſt in the kingdom;

kingdom; but as the heads of this noble Houſe of Acreleſs had ever been amongſt the moſt faſhionable of the Court and country—as their hawks, their hounds, and their equipages had been objects of envy to their Sovereigns themſelves—as their habiliments had been always the moſt ſplendid in the tournament, and their jouſts of more frequency and magnificence than thoſe of any other member of the Court, they had ſucceeded in diminiſhing their funds to a more moderate level. As a counterpoiſe to this prodigal propenſity, the ſame heads of this honourable Houſe had never deviated from the prudent policy of ſeeking to repair the waſte of extravagance in every generation, by a marriage with an affluent wife.

The preſent Lord Acreleſs, in a laudable imitation of the ſpirit of his illuſtrious anceſtors, had already reduced his rents to one half

half of their original value; his Lordſhip, however, had a ſingular averſion to a matrimonial connection; a circumſtance which may be doubtleſs imputed to his own experience.

This Nobleman had already made a trial of what the poet is pleaſed to call "the ſtate of dubious bliſs," previous to the death of his father; and at a time when the old Nobleman had reſolved to take up a new mortgage of ten thouſand pounds.

Lord Acreleſs, at that time ſcarcely arrived at manhood, had been compelled, by parental command, to ſolicit the hand and fortune of the heireſs of a wealthy money-broker. His Lordſhip's addreſſes were irreſiſtible; and a ſhort time put him in poſſeſſion of the elegant and accompliſhed Miſs Louiſa Muckworm. Her portion of fifty thouſand pounds was divided into three parts:

one went to the old Lord; a ſecond, to pay off a late mortgage; and the remainder, by general conſent, to launch the young couple in life.

His Lordſhip's father died in the firſt week of their marriage. Miſs Louiſa Muckworm obtained the full accompliſhment of her wiſhes, and, under the title of Counteſs Acreleſs, diſguſted all her friends with her groſs impertinence. Being ſoon introduced into faſhionable life, ſhe diſplayed ſuch a *goût* for all its follies, that both the eſtate and honour of her huſband appeared in equal danger; when a fever, caught from a neglected cold, carried her to her grave, at a period when half of her huſband's eſtate ſtill remained to be ruined.

To this lady did old Method, an intimate friend of her father, intend his daughter to ſucceed as ſecond Counteſs to the widowed Lord;

Lord; and though at the death of the *firſt* Counteſs, the daughter of the old merchant was abſolutely at her mother's breaſt, he foreſaw no obſtacle to this union. He had ſome knowledge of the comforts which his Lordſhip had experienced from his former wife; and from this he juſtly concluded that he would be in no great hurry to venture upon a ſecond. In other words, he was convinced that nothing but neceſſity, or imminent ruin, could drive the Peer upon the choice of another lady.

Old Method was in every thing the man of buſineſs, and reſolved to loſe no time in putting the matter in a proper training.—His Lordſhip, as we have hinted, had been greatly ſtraitened by the extravagance of his wife. Her Ladyſhip therefore was ſcarcely depoſited in her grave, before he found himſelf compelled to have recourſe to the old

family practice, which he held it a point of honour to keep up.

Old Method was well known as one of the moſt thriving men in the city; he lived, moreover, in his neighbourhood, and had to boaſt ſome degree of intimacy with his Lordſhip. To him, therefore, the Peer thought proper to apply for an advance of money upon a new mortgage. The old merchant, by the intervention of a common friend, had partly contrived this application; he was not backward in availing himſelf of the opportunity, and thus addreſſed the noble Lord.

" I fear, my Lord, this may not be the only ſum you will need; and as the encumbrances of your Lordſhip's eſtate are already more than half the rental, I am afraid you will too ſoon want another."

" Very like—very like indeed," replied his

his Lordſhip, with a gaiety which would have appeared rather inconſiſtent in another; but in a man of the *bon ton*, though even upon the brink of ruin, it was not out of character. "Very probably, Mr. Method; but who will ſupply me?"

"Upon certain terms, *myſelf*," replied old Method.

"What do you mean, my dear friend?" ſaid his Lordſhip eagerly.

"I mean," replied Method, "that I have an *untitled* daughter; and that your Lordſhip's title is better than your eſtate, and that you may beſtow it upon whom you pleaſe. Your Lordſhip underſtands me."

"I do, Sir," replied the Peer, "and I regret that I cannot accept your terms.—To confeſs the truth, I have been ſo well ſatisfied with my late wife, that I do not care, though to avoid certain ruin, to venture

upon a ſecond.—I hope you have not mentioned any thing of this to the young lady, your daughter;—even ſhould I agree to it, it may probably be not acceptable to *her*."

" Aye, aye," returned Method, " I will anſwer for her.—She knows nothing of it, however."

" I did not know you had a daughter," reſumed Acreleſs. " Pray, Sir, how old may the young lady be?"

" She is an *infant* at her mother's breaſt," replied Method, " and is about three months and a few days old."

" I do not underſtand you," ſaid my Lord.

" In a word then," replied Method, " my meaning is this. Though my daughter is an infant at preſent, the period may arrive when ſhe may be a ſuitable wife to your Lordſhip. Enter into a bond to marry her when ſhe ſhall

ſhall be of this ſuitable age, and I am ready to ſupply your neceſſities.——You have a repugnance, perhaps, at this preſent moment.—It is for you, my Lord, to conſider whether the interval I grant you, be not ſufficient to overcome this obſtacle.——I wait your anſwer, my Lord."

It is needleſs to add that the bond was ſigned, the money paid, and the whole affair, to the ſatisfaction of Method, conſidered as concluded. Such was the impatience with which he expected the maturity of his daughter, that nothing appeared more tedious to him than the long interval between that period, and the one in which the young lady ſhould attain the age of ſixteen, the appointed time for the commencement of his Lordſhip's addreſſes. Cecilia, as we have mentioned before, had already attained that age; and, from the reputation of her beauty and

accompliſhments, her deſtined lover, the Lord Acreleſs, became as eager as old Method himſelf for the propoſed union.

Upon the appointed day, the old merchant, having explained his views to his daughter, who heard them with an inclination to laughter ſhe could ſcarcely reſtrain, prepared a magnificent entertainment; and, in the courſe of the day, contrived an interview between Cecilia and her noble ſuitor. His laſt requeſt to Acreleſs was, that he ſhould come immediately to the point, and that he ſhould loſe no time in preliminaries.

"Your Lordſhip," ſaid he, "has nothing more to ſay than to propoſe an inſtant union, and my daughter is prepared to give you a proper reception."

Acreleſs, who was not without a faſhionable gallantry, thought there was ſome ſingularity in this proceeding; but, as the daughter

daughter might reſemble the father, he reſolved to be guided in every thing by the advice of Method.

He addreſſed Cecilia without ceremony; and, without preface, made her his propoſals.

"Your father," ſaid his Lordſhip, "in concluſion——"

"Why, my Lord," ſaid the young lady, interrupting him, "my father is a merchant; but the happineſs of his daughter muſt not be one of the articles of his *traffic*."

"But you muſt conſider, my deareſt creature!" cried his Lordſhip.

"It is your Lordſhip muſt *conſider*," interrupted Cecilia, "that I am not in the liſt of the commodities of his warehouſe!—Had your Lordſhip wanted a puncheon of rum, or a ſugar-caſk, you might have applied to my father then, and with propriety."

Saying this, ſhe left the room, and his Lordſhip, not a little confuſed with the ſmartneſs and ridicule of her anſwer.

It was not to the mere caprice of the young lady that this rejection, ſo little to the taſte of his Lordſhip, who had been ſomewhat more ſucceſsful with the faſhionable demireps of the day, can be wholly imputed. But if the accompliſhments of his Lordſhip be well conſidered, it muſt be confeſſed that this young lady had ſufficient to juſtify her to moſt of our readers, for this rejection.

Lord Acreleſs was ſomewhat advanced beyond the middle age; and as he had lived a life of enjoyment, or what, in other words, may be called a life of pleaſure, his health was ſcarcely leſs *dipped* than his eſtate. At a period of life which, in one of more regular habits, would ſcarcely be called by any other name than that of maturity, the noble Lord had

had contrived to anticipate half the infirmities of age; and the frequent fits of the gout, which for the moſt part confined him to his bed or his chair, were but little conſiſtent with the accompliſhments or aſſiduity which a girl of ſixteen is not unreaſonably inclined to expect from her lover.

But though this might have been pleaded as a ſtrong excuſe for the rejection of my Lord, the young lady had another, which ſhe was pleaſed to conſider ſtill more ſo. This was, that ſhe had already beſtowed her heart on a ſuitor more to her taſte—this was, in fact, no other than Peregrine. The age of Cecilia was that of romance; and what could be ſo diſtant from the uſual conduct of heroines of Romances, as to conſent to the views of a father, and ſacrifice a young lover whom ſhe approved, to one who had nothing to commend him but the choice and

wiſhes of another. It was the duty of a heroine to reſiſt a ſyſtem of tyranny like this. Cecilia reſolved to reſiſt it, and to be bound by the uſual morality and logic of her ſex, which preſcribes, in moſt caſes, to follow inclination where happineſs is concerned.—As ſhe left the preſence of the noble Lord, full of this purpoſe, ſhe happened to meet Peregrine; and ruſhing forward, and burſting into an agony of tears, ſhe threw herſelf into his arms.

"Oh my friend!" ſhe exclaimed, "we are loſt—ruined!"

"Ruined!" exclaimed Peregrine, "what mean you?—Ruined!"

"That we are irreparably loſt!" repeated Cecilia. "My father has propoſed to me another lover; and I muſt ſacrifice *you* to receive him!"

It is needleſs to ſay that if Peregrine was

aſtoniſhed

aſtoniſhed at her firſt exclamation, he was no leſs ſurpriſed at this explanation of it. It would be, perhaps, to ſink him in the opinion of many of our readers, to ſay that he at firſt underſtood it in a different ſenſe, and that he was near ſpoiling his good fortune by demanding, on her exclaiming that *every thing was loſt!* for how much the *houſe had failed.*—It may be conſidered more neceſſary to defend him on what may be thought a point of honour.

Peregrine had been admitted to the houſe of Method, and afterwards into his confidence; he might be thus conſidered as bound in ſome meaſure by gratitude, and could not concur in any thing which might oppoſe his wiſhes, without ſome breach of obligation. But what could be more ſo than his addreſſes to Cecilia, the only daughter, and heireſs of all the merchant's wealth? Peregrine was,

moreover, not unacquainted with the intentions of old Method relative to Lord Acreleſs; in his moments of relaxation, he had often expreſſed to Peregrine the overflowings of his joy, when he reflected on the rank to which he was about to elevate his daughter, and the family which he projected to found for himſelf.

As this was one of thoſe dreams of fancy which always occupied the head of the merchant, Peregrine never once interrupted him in the pleaſure they gave him, by the moſt diſtant hint of ſuch a connection not being agreeable to Cecilia. He perceived Method's heart to be fixed upon the union; and every tie of gratitude, and obligation of honour, compelled Peregrine to deſiſt from all attempts of gaining the affections of Cecilia.

It muſt be acknowledged to his praiſe, that

that he had hitherto obeyed this impulſe of honour; and that, though almoſt from his firſt entrance into the houſe, the beauty of Cecilia had inſpired him with a ſecret paſſion, he had, as he thought, confined all knowledge of it to his own breaſt. But as nothing could eſcape the ſentimental ſagacity of Cecilia, ſhe had either ſeen, or, what was to the ſame purpoſe, conjectured that ſhe ſaw, the attachment of Peregrine; and as he was doubtleſs more ſuited to her than the lover propoſed by her father, ſhe fondly encouraged the belief; and, in the words of her favourite author, imputed his ſilence to the "*reſerve of honour.*"

Peregrine now thought it too late to repair what was already done; and, as he had yet nothing with which to accuſe himſelf, he gave himſelf up with equal deluſion to the encouragement of a pleaſing paſſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

NOTHING could be more pleasing than the present situation of Peregrine. Fortune, as if repenting her former persecution, had now put him in a situation of seeming permanence; but he had drawn the lesson from his former experience, to put but little confidence in this favourable appearance, and to erect himself an asylum under any circumstances of future change. He had now learned that most useful of all knowledge—the knowledge of the town; and it was the first result from this science, that a season of tem-

porary

porary proſperity ſhould be employed in multiplying reſources.

It is a diſgrace to wiſdom, ſays the philoſopher, that in a ſtorm like this, we ſhould have but one anchor. Peregrine, fortunately for himſelf, had adopted this maxim: he reſolved, therefore, to conſider his preſent ſituation but as a kind of *ſtanding ground*.

With theſe reſolutions he ſuffered not a moment to eſcape him; but employed his leiſure in ſuch avocations as might beſt ſuit his talent. With theſe purpoſes, the nature of his duties in the family of Method concurred; for, with the exception of the few hours which were employed in giving leſſons to Cecilia, his time was always almoſt wholly unoccupied.

As he was one day paſſing along the ſtreet, he was on a ſudden accoſted by a perſon, who, in addition to a moſt uncouth and vulgar appearance,

appearance, had a large black patch upon his left-eye. Peregrine recogniſed, by his voice, the apprentice of his former maſter, Pirate, the bookſeller; and indeed little Dick, as he was called, was not backward in diſcovering himſelf.

Peregrine, enquiring after Pirate, and the ſtate of the ſhop ſince he had left it, was condemned to liſten to a moſt melancholy recital of misfortunes.

"It is all up with us," cried Dick; "we have ſmaſhed at laſt;—that d——d libel did for us!"

"And what is become of Mr. Pirate?" enquired Peregrine; "have you ſeen him lately?"

"I have juſt come from paying him a viſit; and *you* may go ſee him likewiſe."

"If I could be of any ſervice to him," cried Peregrine.

"You

" You may at leaſt do him the ſame favour I have done him. He is now ſtanding in the pillory at Charing Croſs; and, notwithſtanding my affection to my old maſter, no one has helped him to the taſte of rotten eggs more induſtriouſly than myſelf.—Zeal for juſtice, Mr. Peregrine—zeal for juſtice, is a principle I ſhall carry with me to the grave!—I am a philoſopher—a Manlius in my ſentiments of that nature; and am always ready to ſacrifice my private affections to the public intereſt. Friendſhip is a tie to the individual;—juſtice is a debt to the community.—*Amicus Plato, ſed magis amica veritas.*—Ha, ha, ha!"

Little Dick had continued ſome time in this ſtrain, when Peregrine interrupted him, by demanding in what employment he was at preſent engaged.

" You muſt know then," reſumed Dick, " I am

"I am an author *yet*; and am engaged at preſent in the moſt profitable branch of letters. It pays well; and, what is more, gives a man ſome credit with himſelf:—the higheſt prerogative of genius is invention; and, faith! *that* I exerciſe from morning to night. —I ſee you ſtare. To explain then: I write the *debates in Parliament* for a periodical work—give a tone to the public ſentiments, and politics to a whole nation.——But come —at Pirate's I taught you how to *abridge*, and now I will do you a better turn, and teach you how to *report*. Other poor devils of our trade are mere drudges of literature—write Magazines and Reviews for three guineas a ſheet—compile voyages, and publiſh experiments in natural philoſophy. All this I have done—and all this is dull work, and does not furniſh ſhoe-leather; then a man gains no reputation—it makes no noiſe

in

in the world, none in the leaſt!——Why now, laſt month I publiſhed a 'Short Manual of Chemiſtry,' but it didn't take; and hadn't it been for my 'Remonſtrance againſt Non reſidence,' and hints for a 'Reform in the Church,' I might have lain in jail, the deuce a bit the gainer by my labours. But the moment a honeſt friend of mine let me into the myſtery of *reporting*, fortune changed with me; and, faith! if matters go on as favourably as they have done, I do not deſpair of getting penſioned at laſt."

Peregrine did not relax his attention to this diſcourſe of little Dick; for, as he was reſolved never to throw himſelf out of the way of knowledge of the town, he thought the fatigue of enduring the prolixity of his companion, well paid by the information he was likely to draw from it. They now adjourned to a coffee-houſe, by the invitation of

of Peregrine; and, after ſome refreſhments, little Dick thus commenced his promiſed explanation.

"You muſt know there is a ſet of men who, however negligent of their own affairs, find time to take care of thoſe of the public. Of this claſs are your coffee-houſe politicians, and more particularly ſuch as traffic in newſpapers, party pamphlets, and journals of the proceedings of both Houſes of Parliament. But I muſt apprize you that there is a wide difference between the former and latter claſs: thoſe of the former are mere *talkers*, who vent their acrimony over a diſh of coffee, project taxes at their weekly clubs, and declare peace or war over a bowl of punch. But it muſt be confeſſed, to the honour of theſe gentlemen, that they are perfectly diſintereſted, unambitious of all emoluments, and ſtudious of no intereſt but that of their country.—

With

With the latter claſs there is no leſs patriotiſm, but more ſelf-intereſt: their ſervices indeed are volunteered, but their pay is rigidly inſiſted upon; in ſhort, they are patriots with prudence—politicians with diſcernment—and authors with coats to their backs. The *one* conſults only the good of his country;—the *other* embraces, with that of the community, his own individual welfare. To be plain, patriotiſm blinds the eyes of the former, but makes thoſe of the latter more diſcerning: the firſt is a fool, with the ſame diſeaſe as the latter; who, though himſelf a madman, is nevertheleſs a man of ſenſe."

Peregrine enquired to which claſs he belonged.

"I have already told you," replied Dick. "I choſe with diſcernment; and as philoſophers tell you every man has a bent of mind

mind peculiar to himſelf, which, if not unfortunately warped, will enſure his ſucceſs in the path he treads—ſo I happened, by good luck, to hit upon this *very* inclination; which I ſhould tell you, by the bye, a man may very often miſtake in himſelf. However, if you want further information on this ſubject, I muſt refer you to my treatiſe on the 'Intellectual Syſtem,' where I have arranged the whole in order. You know the book—a neat article—ſmall octavo, as we uſed to ſay at Pirate's.—I would have you read my chapter on *natural propenſities*;—it is my maſterpiece, I aſſure you."

Peregrine burſt into a laugh, in which he was heartily joined by Dick, who then proceeded.

"I always had a turn to politics, and had long been accuſtomed to conſider myſelf poſſeſſed of no little diſcernment in State affairs. I had

I had, beſides, a good memory, which was well ſtored with the beſt examples of patriotiſm from Greece and Rome. I knew Epaminondas by name; Leonidas I was ſtill better acquainted with; the ſtory of Regulus I had as pat as my catechiſm; and Brutus at my finger's end. I was, moreover, not uninformed in the topics of modern politics. The Dutch and the Netherlands were familiar to me; and I was a ſturdy ſtickler for the juſtice of the American Revolt. The Teſt Act lay heavy at my heart; and I did not dare to look forward to a full compoſure of my political ſentiments, till the Corporation Laws were repealed. Well, with theſe qualifications, which compriſe for the moſt part the whole ſtock of a *modern politician*, you will ſuppoſe me well ſuited to move in a wider ſphere. The ruin of Pirate ſupplied

the opportunity, which I reſolved to make the beſt of.

" A friend of mine introduced me to the conductor of a daily paper, whom he inſpired with a confidence in my talents, which procured me immediate employment. A debate of ſome conſequence was expected, on the evening of my introduction; and, as luck would have it, the reporter of the paper was taken dangerouſly ill. The office was in an uproar—the conſternation was general—and the credit of the paper depended upon giving the *debate* well!——In one of thoſe moments which decide the fate of proſperous men, buoyed up with a ſudden flow of confidence, I offered my ſervices. My employer was aſtoniſhed.

' You, young man!' cried he, ' what do you know of politics?'

'Sir,' replied I, 'I know that Sparta was in a ſtate of ſervitude from the *multiplicity* of guardians that watched over her liberty; and Athens from the *few*. Then as to Rome, Sir, ſhe loſt herſelf by the generoſity of her ſpirit;—ſhe was enſlaved, becauſe ſhe would not puniſh in the hero the ambition of the man. And as to Carthage, Sir——'

'*Bravo! bravo!*' cried my employer, 'this boy will do!'—The tears trickled from his eyes with admiration.—'Here, get you gone to the Houſe, and let me have the ſpeech of C—— F—— immediately.'

"To be ſhort, I reported it; that is, I gave *his* name to *my* politics; which, by the bye, was no fraud, for our ſentiments on State affairs were preciſely the ſame. Every ſtroke was complete—every line breathed patriotiſm, Sir—pure, genuine patriotiſm.—

From that moment I ſucceeded to the place of reporter."

"I never underſtood," ſaid Peregrine, "the myſtery of reporting, nor do I even yet comprehend it. Of courſe you took down the debate; and even then the moſt accompliſhed ſhort-hand writer, I ſhould think, could ſcarcely follow the rapid utterance of a ſpeaker."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Dick, "you are right—I don't believe he could.—Follow the ſpeaker—Ha, ha, ha!—no, my good friend, I make the ſpeaker follow *me!*—He ſpeaks as I write, and it is better for him; for were I to write what he *really* ſpeaks, the debate would be a hodgepodge indeed, and not a newſpaper could ſupport itſelf."

"I ſhould like to be better acquainted with this," ſaid Peregrine; "but it aſtoniſhes

niſhes me you can do ſo much by *force of memory.*"

"You are a little miſtaken there," rejoined his companion; "the memory is not ſo much occupied as you imagine.—I will tell you how I do it: I go into the houſe, and take my ſeat when the Speaker calls to *order*. Well, firſt comes the queſtion; never mind what it is about—Turnpike or Navigation Act, Peace or Penſion Act, it is all one.—If the mover be a young man, a patriot, as ſuch generally are, then he is as willing as any Member in the Houſe to die for his country—that he is influenced by no other motive than thoſe of the pureſt patriotiſm, ſuch as Rome and Greece, in the days of their glory, revered in the preſervers of their country; that confidence in Miniſters was a duty of imperfect obligation; that it was to be meaſured out with caution, and granted

with a ſuſpicious hand; that he could not ſatisfy his own mind, much leſs that of his conſtituents, unleſs matters were clearly made out to him; that accounts might be fair, but they muſt firſt be laid upon the table; and that, before Miniſters took credit for the ſums they deſired to borrow, it ſhould be proved that thoſe already granted had been ſpent with wiſdom and economy."

Peregrine again burſt into a loud laugh.—"*Bravo!* cried he; "why this is what one every day meets with in the newſpapers.—It is the language of your Lord T——, and your Meſſrs. R—— and I—— exactly! Sentiments like theſe warm the heart of the people, who think they can have no better ſecurity for their liberties than vigilance ſo unremitting, advice ſo parſimonious, and patriotiſm ſo bold and unſhaken."

"Ha, ha, ha! to be ſure they do," replied

replied Dick. "The deuce a bit do they think to whom they are indebted for all this; and the Member himſelf, when he reads his ſpeech next morning in the paper, is no leſs aſtoniſhed. He finds himſelf an orator, a wit, a patriot!—He reads ſentiments he never uttered—arguments he never dreamt of—and tropes and figures that he does not even know by name——

"Miratu[r]que novas frondes, et non ſua poma."

"Well ſaid," replied Peregrine; "but can you introduce me to the office where this *manufactory* is carried on?"

"Follow me," returned his companion, "and I will preſently let you into the myſtery."

They now departed, and ſoon reached the place of their deſtination. Peregrine was not unacquainted with the manner of con-

ducting a daily paper; but that which related to reporting, being a distinct branch, was wholly new to him.

The office into which his companion led him was a room, along which ran a large desk from one extremity to the other, and a numerous row of clerks was ranged at both sides. On the entrance of little Dick, one of them instantly took up his pen, and expressing some impatience, begged to know what Sir W—— D—— said in the debate. To this followed a question concerning what was the subject of the debate.

"A new Bill, entitled an Act for a stricter observance of the Sabbath!" was bawled out from all the desk.

"Is that it?" replied Dick. "Curse it! I was obliged to attend an appointment at Charing Cross to-day, when I should have been at the House;—but no matter——

Religion

Religion and morality—ſubjects that I have at my finger's end."

He then, to the aſtoniſhment of Peregrine, dictated a ſpeech of an hour's length, even faſter than the clerks could take it down. He had ſcarcely diſpatched Sir W——, before he was ſummoned to the other end of the table, and deſired to report the debate on *bull-baiting*.

"Let me ſee," ſaid Dick; "Mr. W——e *moved* it;—as good a common-place ſpeaker as I could wiſh to report from."—Then turning to Peregrine—"I never waſte *my* time on the dull fellows.——Here, Sirrah, take a *Remaine*.—What, haven't you one?"

"No, Sir," replied the clerk, "we never keep books of *that* deſcription in the office. I ſhould thank you, Sir, if you——"

" You impertinent blockhead!" interrupted Dick, in a paſſion, " do you think I'll ſink myſelf by writing the ſpeech of ſuch a member as W——e! Hark-ye, have you read the New Teſtament?"

" No, Sir."

" Do you know the Ten Commandments?"

" I can *refer* to them, Sir."

" Well then do it yourſelf; or let the compoſitors make it out at the preſs."

Nothing could equal the aſtoniſhment of Peregrine at what he ſaw; he was ſoon, however, relieved from his ſurpriſe by the entrance of an elderly man, to whom Dick introduced him. This gentleman was proprietor of the paper. After ſome converſation, in which the Editor ſeemed much pleaſed with Peregrine, who, in his turn, ſignified a wiſh to be engaged in the reporting department of his paper, an agreement

was

was closed between them, and Peregrine was in a few days to commence upon his new appointment.

CHAP. VII.

An Exordium in Praise of Knowledge of the Town.

IN spite of what philosophers have said in praise of knowledge—of the benefits which they tell us it has brought to mankind—of its being wealth in itself, and a wealth more lasting and inestimable than any in the mines

of Peru and Mexico, it is yet certain that all this boaſted knowledge lay uſeleſs and unproductive in their hands, ſo far at leaſt as relates to worldly intereſt; becauſe they were wholly unacquainted with a particular and moſt lucrative branch, ycleped "knowledge of the town."—There is an old proverb, which, from its celebrity, is well worth repeating—

"When houſe and land are gone and ſpent,
"Then learning is moſt excellent!"

This learned aphoriſm is not inapplicable to what is commonly called knowledge. Such knowledge, as it is generally accompanied by a want of *homely wit*, will often bring the poſſeſſor of it to ſell and mortgage both houſe and land, ſhould he chance to have any; and thus, when all his goods and chattels are gone, *learning* is undoubtedly an excellent

excellent thing; that is to say, its excellence consists not in its being *preferable* to any thing else, for nothing else is then left to compare it with; but in its being a kind of *relique*, like Æsop's basket, valuable for its solitariness, and certainly more precious than a *bundle of rags*. Now, if such only be the value of this boasted knowledge, how much more estimable is *that* kind which we are now about to describe, *viz.* knowledge of the town?

This, as it gives a man prudence, is sure to preserve his house and land, if he is heir to any; and as it gives him wit likewise, though he is born not worth a penny, it will assuredly get him an estate. It gains strength by wrestling with difficulties—draws its weightiest profit from misfortune—is never more successful than when it is most duped, or more experienced than when it is best deceived.

But

But to return to our ſubject. Peregrine, as we have before mentioned, had much leiſure time in the ſervice of Method, which he was enabled to devote to his new employment of reporting. A ſhort time introduced him to a full knowledge of this art, and he became a rival in excellence even of little Dick himſelf.

One day, as he was ſitting in the office, a gentleman, booted and ſpurred, with a fuſtian coat and a flap hat, entered; and enquiring for the conductor of the paper, was anſwered by Dick that he was not at home, but that he himſelf was competent to tranſact any buſineſs in his abſence.

"You muſt know then," ſaid the gentleman, "my name is N——, and I repreſent the Borough of Guttlethorpe."

"I have the honour of being acquainted with you very well, Sir," replied Dick; "you

" you ſpoke in the laſt debate, and a very *good* ſpeech we gave you;—that laſt apoſtrophe to the manes of Alfred the Great was worth a guinea a line."

" You miſtake, Sir; it was my *brother member*."

" Egad! ſo I do," returned Dick; " miſtakes will happen;—however, you country gentlemen have all the *ſame phraſeology*, and one ſpeech does for you all!—We have got a new ſelection, Sir, againſt the *new taxes*: ſome two hours—ſome an hour —and ſome for ten minutes only!——Will you deal with us this Seſſion, Sir?—We will ſerve you as reaſonably as any."

" You muſt know, Sir," replied the gentleman, " the ſubject of my viſit is barely this:—the ſpeech which you gave to my brother Member in the laſt debate, has made ſo much noiſe in my Borough—has ſo much

much increaſed *his* reputation—and, by an impertinent compariſon, diminiſhed *mine*, that I am apprehenſive of a declining intereſt, unleſs I produce ſomething of the ſame kind. I muſt therefore beſpeak your ſervices for a motion I intend to make next week.——I was thinking of the *National Debt*."

" Sir, it is too hacknied."

" What think you then of the Repeal of the Teſt Act."

" Too ſtale and inflammatory, Sir. Beſides, I am not well ſupplied at preſent on that head: my clerk, who was a *dead* hand at the arguments on religious toleration, is at this time unfortunately in priſon, for joining in an attack upon a Diſſenting Meeting Houſe in Cold Bath Fields.—No, Sir; if you are for a good ſpeech, move a vote of cenſure on Miniſters, and the Houſe will liſten to you, though you ſpeak for three hours;—your name, Sir, will be

be up in the world; and, my word for it, your intereſt preſerved in your Borough."

"Well," ſaid the gentleman, "as you pleaſe; only let it be *long*, and ſend it to me immediately."

He then departed.

CHAP. VIII.

PEREGRINE now began to experience a tranquillity of mind and ſelf-confidence to which he had long been a ſtranger. He had now learned that his talents were not ſo uſeleſs as he had ſome time ſince apprehended; and he at length diſcovered, from experience,

rience, that in a city like that of London, induſtry, united with talent, might reſt ſecure of final ſucceſs. As he was thus led to encourage his hopes, he muſt not be too much blamed if he exceeded in his expectations the limits of probability. To confeſs the truth, he had now begun to flatter himſelf that his union with Cecilia was not ſo diſtant as he had hitherto believed it. In deſpite of his experience of the character of Method, he began to indulge ſome hopes that he might be at length brought to conſent to beſtow upon him his daughter, as a reward for the zeal and fidelity of his ſervices.

He had not unfrequently heard Method ſay, that no one was ſo juſtly an object of contempt, as one who was without a knowledge of the world. Peregrine indeed did not exactly comprehend what the merchant underſtood by this term; but he conſtrued it,

it, and pardonably enough, to his own advantage. He reflected that having come upon the world without a guinea, he had hitherto supported himself with reputation; and that his condition continued so much in a state of improvement, that it was not unreasonable in him to indulge some hopes of a speedy independence. Upon such grounds as these did his fancy build a pleasing fabric of future prospects. If any one should be inclined to ridicule his folly, let them first examine themselves; there are few of them but have indulged expectations of equal extravagance. And who can censure the delusions of hope?

He had returned one morning, full of reflections of this nature, from his duty of reporting. He had scarcely entered Method's house when he was abruptly addressed by Cecilia,

Cecilia, with a voice and features equally characteriſtic of emotion.

" Oh my friend, we are ruined!—nothing can ſave us!"

" Ruined!" exclaimed Peregrine.

" Yes," replied ſhe, " and by my own folly. I truſted to the generoſity of my father; and, in a converſation I have juſt had with him, I confeſſed our mutual attachment. I can only ſay that we have nothing to hope. He made me no reply; but I can conjecture from his manner, that you will not remain under his roof another night.—I know not what he meant, but he ſaid that he did not expect this from you."

" I confeſs my demerits," ſaid Peregrine. " I have indeed acted with a neglect of duties, which I ſhould doubtleſs have remembered, and better obſerved. I thus merit my misfortune,

misfortune, and have nothing to oppoſe to the juſtice of your father's deciſion. But if I have abuſed his confidence, however guilty of the fact, I am yet innocent of the intent. It is only thus that I can reconcile my own eſteem."

Their converſation was here interrupted by the entrance of a ſervant, who ſummoned Peregrine to the apartment of Method.—Peregrine obeyed the ſummons with ſome alarm. Cecilia diſmiſſed him with that tone and manner, which might be expected from her ſingular turn of character.

" Never, never, my friend," exclaimed ſhe, " ſhall parental tyranny check the ſoft emotions of the heart!—Never ſhall my nature ſubmit to an ingratitude like that of forgetting the friend of my affections!—No, my friend, reſt aſſured that whatever may be

my

my future fate, you ſhall have nothing to complain of my fidelity. My conſtancy is no leſs rooted than your own honour."

With this fluent nonſenſe did ſhe diſmiſs him to the interview of her father, who received Peregrine, as he entered the apartment, with that look of compoſure which was one of the features of his character.

"My friend," ſaid he to Peregrine, "when I firſt invited you to my houſe, I expected that our acquaintance might be of longer duration. From ſome ſubſequent experience of your worth, I had begun to adopt your intereſt as that of one of my neareſt connections. I regret that we muſt now ſeparate. You may, perhaps, conjecture my motives for what you may think this abrupt diſmiſſal; but, as the very mention of them will be unpleaſing to me, I requeſt that you will

will be ſilent. My reſolution is fixed; you know me too well, to expect any thing can lead me to change my purpoſe."

Peregrine, thus aſſured of his misfortune, was for ſome moments ſilent through confuſion; but having ſomewhat recovered from his embarraſſment, he was entering upon his defence, but was haſtily interrupted by Method.

"Hark-ye, young man! I again add that my reſolution is fixed. I have nothing further to ſay, but that there remains but one way to obtain my conſent to leave you in peace to purſue your addreſſes to my daughter:—produce me a fortune equal to her's, and ſhe is your's. But at preſent, and until that period, farewel!"

Saying this, he pointed to the door; and Peregrine, in ſome indignation, left the houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

IT is eaſy to conceive what were the feelings of Peregrine upon this abrupt terminanation of his ſanguine hopes. It is the happy effect of our ſelf-love, that we ſeldom lay our diſappointments to our own account; and thus, with whatever frequency they may occur, they neither deprive us of our own eſteem, nor leſſen that confidence in our talents and powers which may excite us to new efforts, and through theſe, perhaps, to new defeats.

The

The mind of Peregrine for ſome moments was ſtunned by this event, at once ſo ſudden and ſo fatal to thoſe hopes which, in deſpite of his reaſon, he had ſo long ſuffered himſelf to indulge. The extravagance of this deſpair, however, ſoon ſubſided, and gave place to new hopes and new reflections. He found it ſo painful to retain any diſtruſt of the love and conſtancy of his miſtreſs, that he exerted his utmoſt efforts, and called up all the vigour of his mind, to reject all ſuch doubts in the ſame moment in which they preſented themſelves. He thus ſucceeded in reſtoring himſelf to his former tranquillity.

An embarraſſment of another kind now obtruded upon his thoughts. By his abrupt diſmiſſal, he was again thrown upon the world. As his pride had led him to reject the pocket-book which had been offered by the father of his Cecilia, the whole amount of

what he poſſeſſed in the world was the ſurplus of a quarterly ſalary, above the debts which his ſituation had compelled him to incur. A ſum like this could be the reſource of but a few days. It was neceſſary, therefore, again to exert his talents and induſtry for his almoſt immediate ſupport.

To a man ſo little acquainted with that detail of life, which is ſo juſtly diſtinguiſhed by the name of *knowledge of the world*, a condition like this could not but be a ſubject of the greateſt embarraſſment. In a word, in deſpite of all his claſſical knowledge —in deſpite of his Locke, his Ariſtotle, he found himſelf involved in a perplexity from which, without other aſſiſtance, he would not have ſo ſoon eſcaped. But Fortune here threw in his way one, who was as well adapted as willingly inclined to relieve him from this embarraſſment.

Peregrine,

Peregrine, whilſt involved in the reflections we have related, was traverſing one of the malls of St. James's Park; and the hurry of his mind being communicated to his ſteps, he had attracted the gaze, and even the ridicule, of ſome who were paſſing. He was awakened from this reverie by ſome one putting an arm within his own; and ſtarting from his reflections, and caſting his eye upon the cauſe, he recogniſed, with no leſs ſurpriſe than tranſport, the countenance of his friend Haſtings.

After ſome expreſſions of mutual ſatisfaction, and which, to do juſtice to both parties, were equally ſincere, Peregrine, upon the requeſt of Haſtings, related the cauſe of that anxiety and embarraſſment which were too viſibly impreſſed upon his features to eſcape the diſcernment of his friend. With that ingenuous openneſs, at once the folly and

virtue of youth, Peregrine related every thing which had occurred to him from the moment of their laſt ſeparation to that of their preſent meeting.

" With regard to my miſtreſs," ſaid he, in concluſion, " I have already overcome my apprehenſions. I have every reliance in her love and honour. Our ſeparation, therefore, will only be temporary. Either my good fortune may raiſe me to that independence which her father requires as a preliminary to his aſſent ; or when my miſtreſs ſhall attain the right of acting for herſelf, her generoſity will not withhold the reward which my love has ſo well merited."

Peregrine was here interrupted, and in ſome degree diſconcerted, by a burſt of laughter from his friend. With ſome confuſion he demanded of him the cauſe of this immoderate mirth; and, as if unwilling to conſider

conſider himſelf as the ſubject, threw his eyes around him as if in ſearch of its object.

" You need not look around you," ſaid Haſtings. " *In te eſt quod petis.*"

" How ſo?" ſaid Peregrine.

" Hear it fairly ſtated," replied Haſtings, " and, my word on't, you will join in the laugh yourſelf.—The father of your miſtreſs has promiſed his conſent to your union when you can produce a fortune equal to that of his daughter; that is, ten thouſand pounds. —Anſwer me, Peregrine, what is the amount of all you poſſeſs in the world?"

" Five guineas and ſome odd ſhillings," replied Peregrine. " But——" continued he.

" But what?" reſumed Haſtings.

Peregrine was now, for the firſt moment, awakened to the folly of his ſanguine expect-

ations; and in his confuſion was unable to reply. Haſtings, whoſe greater knowledge of the world had not affected his good-nature, but who, from his propenſity to ſatire, and a fondneſs of ridicule, did not at all times conſult its dictates, was no ſooner ſenſible that he had given pain, than taking the hand of Peregrine—

"Come, Peregrine," ſaid he, "we have known each other too long to take any offence at our mutual levities. But I ſhould conſider myſelf as your enemy if I encouraged you in expectations, which, being extended beyond all bounds of probability, can but terminate in diſappointment. This is not a country where a man, without trade, profeſſion, patronage, or capital, and by the ſingle aid of learning, can expect a ſplendid affluence."

"Then

"Then where is the uſe of learning? and to what ſhall I have recourſe?" replied Peregrine.

"You are now falling into the other extreme; and becauſe learning cannot do every thing, you are about to conclude that it can do nothing. But this deſpair is a worſe error than your former confidence. If your talents will not exalt you to a fortune of ten thouſand pounds, they will at leaſt raiſe your ſupport. You have loſt one place—I too have loſt another; and, as it often happens, my loſs may turn to your advantage."

Peregrine here requeſted him to explain himſelf.

"This is neither a time nor place," replied Haſtings, "to give you a full relation of what has happened to myſelf ſince your departure from Oxford. Suffice it to ſay,

that Fortune has not been idle with me any more than with you. We will dine together; and when you hear my relation, ſhall confeſs that I may almoſt rival yourſelf in being a fool of Fortune. In the meantime follow me; and you may perhaps obtain a ſituation, which, with regard to the affluence of the family, will leave you little to regret in the one you have loſt."

Saying this, he took the arm of Peregrine, who thus freed from one cauſe of perplexity, attended to him with equal pleaſure and curioſity.

"I am leading you," ſaid he, "to a family, the maſter of which is of a character ſomewhat ſingular, and only to be rivalled by the greater ſingularity of that of his wife and a full-grown booby of a ſon."

Peregrine, who had no other idea than that

that he was to undertake the inſtruction of the ſon, here demanded what were the talents of the boy.

" You have nothing to ſay to the boy," replied Haſtings.

" Am I not going as a tutor?" reſumed Peregrine.

" Yes," replied Haſtings; " but not as tutor to the ſon, but tutor to the father!"

Peregrine could only reply by a ſtare of aſtoniſhment. There was no time, however, to demand any explanation, for by this time they had gained the door of the houſe. It was ſituated in one of the moſt faſhionable ſquares in London, and had an appearance, even externally, of that ſubſtantial magnificence which is the characteriſtic of almoſt boundleſs affluence. The corpulence, habiliments, and even ſurlineſs of the porter ſpoke the ſame language. The perſon of

Haſtings being well known to this important domeſtic, obtained him an admittance, which might otherwiſe have been more difficult.—Deſiring Peregrine to wait his return in an adjoining parlour, he left him for ſome moments to his own reflections.

Peregrine, during this interval, was not without much food both of curioſity and ſurpriſe. The furniture of the apartment even to that of its very walls, was in the ſame ſtyle of affluence with that of the external appearance of the houſe itſelf. Nothing appeared but what was gilded; and the profuſion of expence argued the opulence of its owner. But there was ſomething of a ludicrous incongruity between the magnificence and application of many of theſe ornaments. Many of the pictures, though by the hands of the firſt maſters, had been evidently curtailed of their lengths, in order the better to ſuit the panels

panels and other compartments of the wainſcot. The execution of the ceiling was at a ludicrous variance with the figures which conſtituted the deſign; for as the former was bold and maſterly, the latter was as evidently that of a mean invention. In a word, every thing was impreſſed with the ſame character —that of opulence without taſte, and of the moſt laviſh profuſion without any other apparent end than that of the moſt inelegant oſtentation.

Whilſt the curioſity of Peregrine was ſuſpended in this review of the objects around him, he was interrupted by the entrance of Haſtings with the maſter of the houſe.

"Is this the young man," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Haſtings, and pointing to Peregrine.

Haſtings replying with a nod of aſſent, he thus continued—

" Your friend, Sir, has ſaid ſo much in your recommendation, that I do not heſitate to engage you. If you will return to-morrow, you will find your apartments and every other neceſſary prepared for your reception. I will then explain what I expect from you."

With this anſwer they departed; but the door had no ſooner cloſed behind them, than Peregrine, unable any longer to reſtrain his curioſity, requeſted his friend to gratify it.

" The houſe," ſaid Haſtings, " contains a ſtamp of the character of its maſter; and the Dutch proverb, that the owner may be known by his manſion, was never more fully verified. The name of this honeſt gentleman is Sir Rupert Rupee, once an underwriter, then a reſident, and now a Director of the Eaſt India Company. He left England whilſt yet a boy; and his whole time, ſince his

his firſt departure to his late return, has been occupied in no other purſuit than that of wealth. His induſtry, in a country ſo favourable to its efforts, has been followed with its uſual ſucceſs; in a word, he has returned with a fortune of little leſs than two hundred thouſand pounds."

"But what need has he of any of my ſervices?" ſaid Peregrine.

"He has returned," reſumed Haſtings, "with no other view than that of enjoying the fruits of his fortune in his native country; but he has diſcovered that even in a country, which in other reſpects neglects learning, diſtinction is never granted to wealth alone. He finds it neceſſary, therefore, to ſet up for the character of a wit and patron; and, as he has nothing either of natural talents, or even of the moſt common attainments ſuited to this purpoſe, he is reduced to many and

and moſt awkward ſhifts to ſupport his credit. He has thus engaged you to direct his morning ſtudies, and, what you will think more ſingular, to furniſh him with wit and matter for his evening *converſazioni*. I can aſſure you, my friend, your place is no ſinecure. Sir Rupert has not one of the beſt of memories; his tutor therefore is employed every morning in the fabrication of a certain number of *bon mots*, that, though Sir Rupert ſhould be unfortunate enough to forget one, he may have a chance of falling upon another. In a word, Sir Rupert is one of thoſe not unfrequent characters, who would enjoy the reputation of wit and learning without any of the labour of their attainment. He is one of thoſe who advertiſe in the daily papers—'That a gentleman, whoſe active life for many years paſt has eraſed from his memory his early attainments, is deſirous of engaging the

the attendance of a well-qualified perſon, to direct his attention, and revive thoſe ſeeds which, though buried, he flatters himſelf are not extinct."

Peregrine ſmiled as well at the humour and vivacity of his friend, as at the ſingularity of the character he had portrayed. It was now, however, the hour of dinner; Haſtings propoſed to dine together, which Peregrine willingly accepted. Being under the Piazzas, a tavern at their hand, they entered without further delay.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

An Incident—Anecdotes of a Dramatic and living Author—A new Comedy, &c.

AS it was late before they had concluded their dinner, the coffee-houſe was by this time full of viſitors; and being ſo immediately within the environs of the Theatres, the ſtrangers were for the moſt part either actors, critics, or ſuch as intended to make a part of the audience of the evening. The converſation therefore, which was loud, and had

had ſomething of the air of dramatic petulance, had no other ſubject than the ſtate of the Drama—the wit of its authors—and the comparative merits of the actors.

Haſtings appeared to be perſonally acquainted with many of the moſt eminent, both of the former and the latter. A party of theſe, ſeeing a box occupied by no other than Peregrine and Haſtings, united themſelves to their company, and with the familiar tone of intimacy, requeſted Haſtings to ſettle a ſubject in debate.

"We are diſcuſſing," ſaid one of theſe appellants, "the comparative merit of the two rivals of the Engliſh ſtage, K—— and C——. I maintain that K——, though in many parts very unequal to himſelf, has no rival upon the boards of either Theatre. It is the excellence of an actor to preſent in the moſt lively colours the character which the author

author intended to be that of the *dramatis perſonæ* he is about to repreſent. In the moſt eminent of theſe parts, ſuch as are thoſe of the heroes of the piece, the character is ſeldom compoſed of any ſingle trait; there is uſually indeed one leading feature, but to this is always ſubjoined many other ſubordinate traits. Thus if the leading traits in the character of Hamlet are thoſe of filial piety, an ardent deſire of revenging the murder of his father, but this deſire withheld from its execution by a nature averſe to deeds of blood; the ſubordinate features are that flow of natural benevolence—that tempered dignity—that grace and ſweetneſs of courteſy, which break out in every ſentiment, and almoſt every word. Before an actor can repreſent theſe, he muſt have the genius and talent to diſcern them. Now it is the peculiar diſtinction of theſe minor traits not to lie on the

ſurface;

ſurface; they require, therefore, no common genius or ſagacity to diſcern them. Indeed, next to the merit of the author, is that of the actor who catches and improves his ſentiments, and who exhibits it in repreſentation, with the ſame ſpirit and imitation of original nature with which the poet has written it. Such was the peculiar praiſe of Garrick in Comedy, and ſuch is that of K—— in Tragedy."

This addreſs was interrupted by an incident which gave a general diſturbance to the coffee-room:—a gentleman, with every ſymptom of the moſt extravagant rage, was exerciſing his cane upon the back of another. From the crowd which had hurried to the ſcene of action, it was ſome time before Haſtings and his friends could obtain any anſwer to their enquiries. With ſome difficulty, however, he at length attained a glance

of

of the perſon of the one who was ſuffering under the repeated chaſtiſement of the other.

" It is ———, a dramatic author," ſaid Haſtings, " and a character more ſingular in himſelf, than any of thoſe which he has introduced into his Comedies. But in what he has offended to merit this unpleaſant return, I know not."

The choleric gentleman having kicked the object of his offence through the whole length of the rooms, and thus driven him into the Piazzas, was at more leiſure to reply to the queſtions of the ſpectators.

" The fellow," ſaid he, " is of the name of———, a writer of Comedies. He makes it his boaſt that all his characters are taken from life. He has many, various means of procuring originals for his pictures; but his moſt uſual method is to attend all public places—ſuch as taverns and coffee-houſes.

If

If he ſhould happen in theſe places to fall upon a character of any apparent oddity—any ſingularity, whether of nature or underſtanding, he marks him down for his purpoſe: he follows him into the next box, overhears and tranſcribes his converſation, and collects his peculiar phraſe and manner. In his next following Comedy he introduces him upon the ſtage. The moſt reſpectable characters of the town have thus been exhibited to public ridicule. I detected him in this practice upon a friend of mine, and have inflicted upon him that correction which, from a conſciouſneſs that he had merited it, perhaps he has endured with ſo much laudable patience."

Peregrine, Haſtings, and the company united in a laugh at the expence of the poor author of the drama. It was now propoſed to paſs the remainder of the evening at the neigh-

neighbouring Theatre; and Peregrine with his friend having nothing to object, they departed, and took their ſeats in the pit.

The interval between their arrival and the commencement of the performance, was paſſed in conjectures upon the ſubject of the piece. It was a new Comedy, and being from a favourite author, much was expected from it. The attention of Peregrine was diverted from his companions by ſome one ſlipping ſomething into his hands, which he found, upon examination, to be a catcall. Being at a loſs to underſtand the motive of this civility from the hands of a ſtranger, and from one who was ſo far from explaining the purpoſe with which he had given it, that, upon putting it into the hands of Peregrine, he had concealed himſelf in a crowd, he transferred it into the poſſeſſion of Haſtings; and relating the manner in which he had

received it, requeſted him to explain the motive and purpoſe.

Haſtings and his companions, after a laugh at the ignorance of Peregrine, replied—

" The piece of the evening is a new Comedy, and from the pen of an author who, in common with all wits, has his enemies as well as his friends. The audience therefore is divided into three parties —friends, enemies, and ſpectators. The laſt, in the cant of the ſtage, are called *Indifferents*; they have no other purpoſe but the amuſement of the evening—if the play ſhould pleaſe them, they applaud; or, on the contrary, expreſs their diſapprobation in a tone which is equally dreaded by manager and author. Of theſe parties, however, the moſt active is that of the enemies: with the zeal of the moſt bitter enmity, they endeavour to win over the ſpectators, and thus furniſh

furniſh them with catcalls, orange-peel, and all the other ammunition of criticiſm, *gratis*."

"But what has this author done," ſaid Peregrine, "to make ſo many enemies?"

"What is never pardoned by perſons of the deſcription of his enemies. He has written a Comedy, and has had the good fortune to bring it on the ſtage, whilſt the managers have rejected the productions of his rivals."

"But of all authors," ſaid one of the friends of Haſtings, "commend me to that gentleman in the box over the ſtage. He was once as poor as any of his moſt humble brothers. Being a man of ſome wit, however, he took the advice of his friends, and wrote a Comedy. But it was not long before he diſcovered that the compoſition of his piece is not the greateſt difficulty of an author; though every one allowed its ſuperior merit,

merit, he found it impoſſible to procure it the attention of the Managers. Day after day he attended at the door of the Theatre, and even at the houſe of the Manager; but with no other fruit than that of ridicule. His piece was indeed taken, and at length returned, but with an anſwer that it would not ſuit the purpoſes of the houſe. But as he had heard ſomething of the ſyſtem of the Manager, in the examination of the pieces ſubmitted to their deciſion, he had taken the precaution, previous to putting his Comedy into their hands, to wafer together the margins of ſome of its leaves;—upon examining theſe upon the redelivery of his Comedy, he found them in the ſame ſtate of coherence in which he had ſent them, and that thus his performance had never been honoured with the ſlighteſt peruſal. He had the ſagacity to

conjecture that his work might meet with more attention if its author appeared with more ſplendour: without further delay, therefore, he purchaſed a magnificent livery, and, thus arrayed, carried the manuſcript to the houſe of the Manager, in the name and character of his own ſervant. The bait took;—the Comedy was received, read, and accepted."

The converſation was here interrupted by the commencement of the performance.—The piece, however, did not anſwer the general expectation; and therefore, though of conſiderable merit, was thought worſe than it really was. In a word, the audience, whether from a deficiency of their uſual good-humour, or the actual demerits of the Comedy, refuſed to hear any more than the third act; and the players, after ſtanding the

uſual

uſual peal of catcalls, groans, hiſſes, &c. with a true dramatic courage, were compelled to retire.

As the Entertainment had nothing of attraction, Haſtings, upon the invitation of Peregrine, left the Theatre. They again ſupped together; after which, upon the propoſal of his friend, and having no other lodging, Peregrine conſented for the night to ſhare the apartments of Haſtings.

CHAP. XI.

THE following morning Peregrine, taking an affectionate leave of Haſtings, but with a mutual promiſe of frequent meetings, attended at the door of Sir Rupert. As orders had been given for his admiſſion and immediate introduction, he was conducted by a ſervant to the apartment in which Sir Rupert was himſelf preſent. He had no ſooner entered the room, than Sir Rupert, coming forth from an inner room, addreſſed him with abruptneſs.

"I ſay,

"I ſay, Mr. Speaker," ſaid he to the aſtoniſhed Peregrine, "that neither the principle of the Bill, nor its preſent application, can meet with my concurrence. A turnpike, Mr. Speaker, is an additional tax; and the country is already ſo loaded with impoſts, that I cannot anſwer, either to my own conſcience or to my conſtituents, to add any thing to a burden already ſo oppreſſive."

Peregrine was at firſt inclined to believe that Sir Rupert had at length loſt his ſenſes; till the affair was explained by the entrance of a perſon from the ſame door as Sir Rupert, whom Peregrine knew to be a maſter of rhetoric. This gentleman held a paper in his hand, of which the preſent ſpeech of Sir Rupert was a part.

Sir Rupert, it ſeems, was reſolved to obtain a ſeat, and make a figure in the enſuing Parliament. For this purpoſe he had

engaged a maſter of rhetoric, and expended two hours every morning in the ſtudy and practice of the graces of elocution. Upon the entrance of Peregrine he had addreſſed him as Speaker of the Houſe; and being at that moment in the practice of what the orator's call the *fractum et abruptum exordium*, nothing could be more opportune to this purpoſe than the ſudden entrance of Peregrine.

Peregrine, upon the deſire of Sir Rupert, and the requeſt of the maſter of rhetoric, took his ſeat in an elbow-chair, and Sir Rupert, to his further aſtoniſhment, continued to addreſs to him the remaining part of the ſame ſpeech. It was not without the greateſt difficulty, and even many painful efforts, that he could refrain from burſting forth into a fit of laughter at his egregious folly. The gravity and inflexible muſcles of the maſter

of

of rhetoric, in a ſcene ſo truly ridiculous, was little leſs ludicrous than the folly of Sir Rupert. In a word, nothing could have reſtrained Peregrine from giving vent to this propenſity, but that his friend Haſtings had put him upon his guard againſt its indulgence.

This leſſon was interrupted by a ſummons to Sir Rupert, to attend the drawing-room [illegible] Lady. Commanding Peregrine to remain in the apartment till his return, he retired, leaving his two tutors to the ſociety of each other. The maſter of rhetoric had no ſooner ſhut the door, than ſitting himſelf againſt it, he broke forth into a fit of the moſt immoderate laughter. He was accompanied by Peregrine, [illegible] gave a full vent to a propenſity he had been at ſo much difficulty to check.

When their mirth had somewhat subsided, the master of rhetoric advancing, took the hand of Peregrine.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Peregrine," said he, "that you have become a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard with myself. Sir Rupert was telling me, previous to your entrance, that he had provided himself with another tutor. I must again congratulate both you and myself that you are the [illegible]. Our duty indeed is not without some difficulty, but our salary and treatment are liberal; and there is even something in our labours which, to a man of any pleasantry, is not without entertainment. The scene between Sir Rupert and his tutor [illegible] furnish both mirth and [illegible]. He has engaged me to [illegible] oratory—to chip off the block [illegible] shape him into something human. My office is to direct his more substantial

ſubſtantial ſtudies. In a word, Sir Rupert is one of the moſt agreeable men in the world for gentlemen of our profeſſion. He has a fund of good-humour; and if he be the greateſt fool in nature, his follies terminate in himſelf."

The maſter of rhetoric departed as he concluded theſe words, and Sir Rupert a few minutes afterwards re-entered the apartment. Peregrine, at his deſire, followed him to his library, when he thus addreſſed him—

" As you are recommended as a man of ſcience, young man, I need not ſay that nothing is more neceſſary to a good reception, I mean to any diſtinction in the world, than learning. Now learning, as I underſtand it, conſiſts in the knowledge of books; and the ſum of this knowledge of books, is in being able to talk of them ſo as to perſuade thoſe who

hear us, that they are of our moſt intimate acquaintance."

Peregrine, perceiving that ſome anſwer was expected, bowed his aſſent. Sir Rupert continued.

" Your morning's labour, therefore, is to collect the names and titles of theſe ſeveral authors, and to arrange them in as few words as poſſible in a column of paper, ſo as to enable me to commit them to my memory. You muſt add a word, by way of diſtinction, upon their ſtyle and ſubject. But have a care that you arrange theſe remarks upon their ſubjects in the columns immediately oppoſite to their names, that I may not confound one with another. For want of this caution, I was once led to praiſe Tillotſon for his Tom Jones, and to talk with rapture upon Fielding's ſolid ſyſtem of divinity. Here, you may begin this office immediately.

I will

I will leave you at preſent, but return before dinner to examine your performance.—— Remember, in one word, that I muſt appear a man of ſcience, without reading—a man of learning, without memory—and a man of the moſt ready wit and brilliant imagination, without the aid of art or nature."

Saying this he retired, leaving Peregrine in ſome aſtoniſhment at this new and ſhort method to learning. He did not however heſitate to commence his aſſigned employment, and, before the return of Sir Rupert, had copied out the names and title-pages of half the library. Sir Rupert was pleaſed to ſignify his approbation of his firſt eſſay; and upon being ſummoned to dinner, invited him to accompany him with much complacency.

At the concluſion of their repaſt,

Peregrine, upon a nod of Sir Rupert, followed him to his closet.

"I am going," said he, "to a *conversazione* this evening, where it will be necessary that I should appear with some *eclat*.—You must prepare me, my friend, some *impromptus* for this occasion. Half-a-dozen will serve me."

Peregrine here confessed himself at a loss.

"Never fear," said Sir Rupert. "As to their subject, I leave it to your own choice. —I shall have no difficulty in bringing them in."

Peregrine, upon this encouragement, resumed his efforts, and in a few moments succeeded so well, that Sir Rupert was enraptured. Fortunately for Peregrine, the *impromptus* were much applauded; and as Sir

Sir Rupert thus gained the reputation he ſo much deſired, Peregrine was from this day no leſs fixed in his eſteem than affections. Upon the part of Peregrine, the contempt with which he was firſt inclined to regard the perſon and character of Sir Rupert, gave way to other ſentiments. Indeed, to any one who has much intercourſe with mankind, nothing appears more diſtant from truth than the common-place remark—that great qualities are neceſſary to procure regard. It will be found, on the contrary, that few are ſo much beloved by their friends, as thoſe who have leaſt of theſe qualities which are uſually conſidered as great. Nor is this eſtabliſhed in the order of things, without ſufficient reaſon. The happineſs of mankind is the baſis upon which it is founded. The great maſs of the world is compoſed of ſuch as are gifted only with thoſe moderate underſtandings which are

ſuited

ſuited to the purpoſes of life. Could friendſhip therefore, according to the doctrine of the philoſophers, only find a place amongſt the great and wiſe, it would be confined to as ſmall a circle as that of the wits and philoſophers. To conclude the character of Sir Rupert, he was one of thoſe men of whom the firſt of our poets ſpeaks in the following words:—

"I could have better ſpar'd a better man."

And, as ſuch, he was no leſs beloved than laughed at by his friends; and thoſe indeed may be ſaid to know as little of nature as the world, who conceive that in this there is any thing of contradiction. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to viſit any of thoſe numerous clubs in our metropolis, without obtaining a full conviction of this truth—that nothing is leſs neceſſary to procure regard, as great and truly eſtimable

eſtimable qualities; and that even ſympathy, the uſual cant equally of noveliſts and philoſophers, is as little required as heroiſm or wiſdom. It was thus that the pride and ſcience of a Johnſon deſcended to an intimacy with the levity of a Beauclerc, the amiable loquacity of a Boſwell, and the pompous inanity of Savage; it is thus that the friends of the greateſt wits and philoſophers may be found amongſt a claſs very different from themſelves.

But we muſt now return to the courſe of our hiſtory.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE father of Cecilia had no ſooner diſmiſſed Peregrine from his houſe, in the manner we have related in a former chapter, than, with that prudence which had never deſerted him, and to which he had been chiefly indebted for his ſucceſs in life, he ſet himſelf to conſider the means of repairing what had happened, and eradicating from the mind of his daughter what he was pleaſed to call her fooliſh attachment to Peregrine.

It has been remarked by one much celebrated for his knowledge of character, that though

though women, in the ordinary courſe of affairs, have leſs fortitude than our ſtronger ſex, in ſome ſituations they are capable of a courage which we ſhould in vain attempt to rival. No hero can diſplay greater heroiſm in reſiſting the preſs of adverſe armies, than what is every day exhibited by women in oppoſing thoſe commands of fathers and guardians, the aim of which is to force or counteract their inclinations. It was thus with Cecilia. Though the conſtitution of her mind was that of gentleneſs itſelf—though, in no other affair of her life, ſhe had ever exhibited the ſlighteſt oppoſition to the will of her father; yet no ſooner were the intereſts of her love concerned, than her mind aſſumed as it were a new character. Neither menace nor argument was of any avail to remove her from her purpoſe, nor could the utmoſt efforts extort

extort from her any promiſe to the prejudice of Peregrine.

Thus baffled, however well verſed in that moſt uſeful of all ſcience—the knowledge of the world, the father of Cecilia was for a moment at a loſs. He reſolved, however, not to give over the attempt. His natural ſagacity was not long in ſuggeſting new means.

"The flame is kindled," ſaid he, "and it will not be a matter of ſo much eaſe to extinguiſh it. It may be eaſier, perhaps, to divert it to another object."

Having reſolved upon this attempt, his next labour was to ſeek an inſtrument ſuited to his purpoſe. This was a ſearch of little difficulty. The beauty and fortune of Cecilia were ſuch as to force every one who ſaw her, into the number of her lovers. Amongſt theſe

theſe a young man, the ſon of a Baronet, and thus heir to a large eſtate, had for ſome time been moſt conſpicuous. The father of Cecilia, therefore, without heſitation ſelected him as the inſtrument of his deſign, and gave him a full permiſſion to viſit at his houſe as the lover of his daughter. Cecilia received in ſilence the commands to treat him as the moſt intimate friend of her father.

Captain Myrtle, the name of this gentleman, was a rival by no means contemptible: his perſon was good, his manners eaſy, and not without ſomething of that careleſs elegance ſo attractive with the more ſuſceptible of the ſofter ſex. When to this are added a wit ready and inventive, undoubted courage, and a ſpirit liberal even to prodigality, our readers will acknowledge that the ſituation of Peregrine, as an abſent lover, was not to be envied.

We

We have already obſerved that Cecilia in her diſpoſition had ſomething of what is called romance: ſhe had been thus led to form a judgment of others by a wrong ſtandard. As Myrtle, therefore, in his firſt viſits, had appeared to her in his moſt pleaſing colours—as ſhe had ſeen many inſtances of his good-nature, and ſome of his generoſity, ſhe reſolved to transform him from a lover to a confidant; and, as a means of eſcaping his addreſſes, to confeſs her attachment and previous engagement to Peregrine.

The Captain, however, was the laſt man upon whom a project like this could ſucceed. As the ſtipend which he received from his father, being not only an elder but only ſon, was liberal, he had never been reſtrained in his purſuit of pleaſures. He had thus contracted that acquaintance with the world, and the moſt pleaſing part of it—the women, which

which is the ſureſt antidote to this romantic generoſity. His father and family had for ſome time ſolicited him to make his final ſettlement in a wealthy marriage. His taſte for pleaſure, which, with the nature of all other propenſities, had only increaſed by indulgence, had now begun to require more ample ſupplies: the fortune of Cecilia was ſuited to this latter purpoſe.

As ſuch had been the purpoſe of Myrtle in his propoſals for her, her avowal of a prior attachment had no effect in leading him to diſcontinue his purſuit. He had none of that vanity—or, in the language of romance, that delicacy, ſo uſual with the heroes and heroines of modern Novels. He knew that, could he once obtain the hand of Cecilia, her education and conſequent virtue were ſuch as to ſecure his honour. He knew, moreover, that paſſions, like all other affections of the mind,

mind, and love, like all other paſſions, were ſoon forgotten; and that what, in the language of ſickly ſenſibility, was termed a "firſt love," was nothing more than a firſt caprice, which, by the intervention of new objects, is ſoon ſucceeded by a ſecond.

To the confeſſion of Cecilia, therefore, he replied only by expreſſions of regret, deſpair, &c. but concluded with an ardent renewal of his ſuit; adding, in the uſual ſublimity of love, that his paſſion was ſo violent, and muſt aſſuredly be ſo fatal in the event of its ill ſucceſs, that he ſhould conſider himſelf in no other light than that of a ſuicide, if he conſented to this ſurrender of her to the arms of another.

Such was the ſituation of perplexity in which the miſtreſs of Peregrine was involved, and ſuch was the danger which threatened the extinction of his hopes.

In theſe circumſtances it will be no ſubject of ſurpriſe that Cecilia was at a loſs what courſe of action to purſue. It was neceſſary to inform Peregrine of his formidable rival; for ſhould ſhe delay this act of duty (for ſuch, with the uſual folly of lovers, ſhe was pleaſed to conſider it), it might reach his ears through another and leſs favourable channel. This however was not without difficulty. She had conſented, upon his departure from the family of her father, either to grant him an interview, or to receive his letters, upon a certain day in every month. This day had not yet arrived, and ſhe knew not as yet where he had found an aſylum. Impatient, however, to diſcharge what ſhe thus conſidered as an act of duty, ſhe reſolved, if poſſible, to diſcover his abode. Finding all her efforts in vain, ſhe had almoſt given them up, and reſolved to await in patience

patience for the appointed day of their interview.

In the meantime, as ſhe was unable to ſettle any plan of conduct, ſhe reſolved to treat Myrtle with the ſame complacency as hitherto. Her motive for this was double: it procured her more liberty, and releaſed her from the importunate reproofs of her father.

Having a natural turn towards gaiety, and what, in a mind leſs harmleſs, would be called a fondneſs for pleaſure, ſhe had been always a frequenter of public diverſions; and, of every other of this kind, preferred the entertainments of the Theatre. From the time of the diſmiſſal of Peregrine to the introduction of Myrtle, as no other male viſitor had been admitted, and her father was too much engaged in the affairs of his buſineſs, ſhe had been withheld from theſe her favourite

ſcenes,

ſcenes, through the want of a *chaperon*. The accompliſhments of the Captain rendered him no leſs convenient than agreeable for theſe purpoſes.

CHAP. XIII.

IN the meantime, Peregrine had ſucceeded in obtaining the full favour, and even confidence of Sir Rupert. Indeed, notwithſtanding all his ſingularities, Sir Rupert was not deficient either in natural ſagacity, nor that complacency of temper which leads the poſſeſſor to acknowledge and reward the ſervices

of his dependants. The ſituation of Peregrine, therefore, was not without its comforts.

Lady Rupee had not as yet appeared; a circumſtance of ſome regret to Peregrine, who, from what Haſtings had related of her ſingularity, promiſed ſome entertainment to a lover of humour. She had hitherto been confined to her room by a ſhort illneſs; a party, however, of her moſt ſelect friends were invited for an approaching evening, and the attendance of Peregrine himſelf was ſolicited. He waited with ſome impatience for the appointed time. The evening at length arrived, and Peregrine, having previouſly dreſſed, was upon the point of leaving his apartment, when he was no leſs gratified than ſurpriſed by the ſudden entrance of his friend Haſtings. After an enquiry upon

the part of his friend, with regard to the motive of his evident preparation—" I almoſt envy you your evening's entertainment," ſaid Haſtings. " The lady is of a moſt ſingular character, and the general ridicule of all her acquaintance. Her folly is not even ſpared by thoſe who enjoy its fruits. Indeed ſhe is ſo well known, that I have more than once expreſſed my ſurpriſe that the comic writers have not as yet produced her upon the ſtage. Conceive a woman, at beſt only of the moſt common talents, entertain an aſſembly of *Literati*; and not only of her own, but every country in Europe. She is poſſeſſed of no other language than that of her own country; yet you will ſee her ſurrounded by Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, modern Greeks, and even Turks and Rabbis. She is under a neceſſity of making ſome reply to the

compliments of all; and it is really ludicrous to obſerve her gravity, whilſt ſhe admires wit which it is impoſſible to underſtand.—I could ſay more, but I will not ſpoil your intereſt in the comedy, by a relation of its beſt incidents beforehand."

Haſtings upon this took his leave, adding only that he was going to Covent Garden Theatre, and that ſhould Peregrine be weary of his Dilettanti party, he would find no difficulty to ſteal out, and join him in an appointed place.

Peregrine now attended the drawing-room of Lady Rupee. It is difficult to ſay whether his ſurpriſe, or propenſity to laugh was greateſt, as he entered this ſcene of *precieuſes ridicules*. The apartments were filled with ſuch a motley variety, that exhibited a repreſentation of the coſtume of every quarter of the globe. The hubbub of different languages,

guages, the contraſt of the different airs of the ſeveral perſonages, the portly ſtrut, the petulant trip, the Italian ſwim, and the Dutch hobble; the aſſemblage of players, fiddlers, Opera managers, poetaſters, and Play-writers were ſuch as might have moved the muſcles of a graver philoſopher than Peregrine. In the midſt of this motley circle was ſeated Lady Rupee, a woman of low ſtature, and very lean.

Every one in turn addreſſed her; and, to the aſtoniſhment of Peregrine, who was near enough to catch whatever was ſaid, the addreſs of each ſpeaker was made in his own language.

Whilſt he was making theſe remarks, ſhe was approached by a gentleman, who addreſſed her in French, and continuing the converſation, though ſhe replied in her own language, he accompanied his ſpeech with

thoſe geſtures and grimaces which are peculiar and characteriſtic of the French. His mien, his habit, and even the powder and form of his hair, were all French. It is not eaſy to conceive the ſurpriſe of Peregrine, when, upon the departure of this gentleman from the lady, and his approach to himſelf, he recogniſed him for an Engliſh tutor, in whoſe ſociety he had paſſed many former evenings. Seeing Peregrine, he appeared equally ſurpriſed and even ſomewhat confounded; taking him by the arm, however, he led him to another and more private part of the room.

"You muſt not wonder," ſaid he, "at what you ſee. I am not the only perſon in this apartment who appears under a diſguiſe. You muſt know that the lady who entertains us, has a violent and very unuſual partiality for foreigners. You may remark that ſhe is now ſurrounded by an ample circle of them; and

and that, though many of the moſt learned of her own countrymen are now in the apartment, ſhe liſtens to none with ſo much attention as to the foreigners. And this is more ſingular, as ſhe does not underſtand a ſyllable of any language but her own. You have heard me addreſs her in French; ſhe did not underſtand a ſyllable of what I ſaid, but yet replied with as much confidence as if ſhe had been born a Pariſian. I have only one word to add: I want her intereſt to procure the attention of the Managers to the Comedy of a friend, and I have aſſumed this diſguiſe to procure it. Confeſs at leaſt that, as the end is good, ſo the means are harmleſs, and at worſt only ludicrous. You ruin me if you addreſs me as an Engliſhman."

Peregrine promiſed a proper caution, and was again loſt in ſurpriſe at the egregious folly of a woman, who appeared in no other

reſpect deficient either of ſenſe or elegance. As the heat and jargon, which now peſtered the apartment, were become almoſt intolerable, he remembered his engagement with Haſtings, and finding an opportunity to eſcape, he left the room.

As the performance was Richard the Third, and C—— appeared in the character of Richard, it was not without much difficulty, from the overflowing fulneſs of the houſe, that he was enabled to join Haſtings in the pit of the Theatre. He ſucceeded, however at length, and took his ſeat by the ſide of his friend.

"You have now," ſaid Haſtings, "an opportunity of deciding a diſpute upon the rival actors, which has long agitated the dramatic part of the town. Indeed, to do full juſtice to C——, this is almoſt the only part in which he can claim the pre-eminence.—

The

The cool ferocity, the ſarcaſtic pleaſantry of Richard has never been more admirably portrayed. Obſerve with what a kind of ſavage irony he ridicules even his own title. Obſerve the ſneer upon his features, whilſt he commands the women's tongues

"To ſpare the Lord's Anointed!"

In a word, the characteriſtic of C—— is that of a coarſe ſtrength; and where there is any thing in a character which requires this talent, he is certainly unrivalled in its diſplay. But his admirers muſt ſtop here. If, beſides the uſual ſtrength in the higher parts of Tragedy, there is any thing of grace, of regal deportment, and tempered dignity, the talents of C—— are not ſuited to its repreſentation. It is thus in Hamlet, and even Macbeth and Zanga."

The attention of Peregrine to this critique was interrupted by a converſation which was paſſing behind him. The ſpeakers appeared, as well by the petulance of their phraſe and manner, to be of that deſcription which is uſually diſtinguiſhed by the name of City Bucks.

" By Heaven!" exclaimed one of them, " ſhe's a fine girl!"

" A green gooſe, faith!" replied the other.

" No, no," reſumed the firſt, " not ſo young as that."

" But do you know her, hey?—You know her, I ſuppoſe."

The ſecond made no other reply to this than by one of thoſe affirmative geſtures which convey ſo much more than words.

" A lucky dog, by Heaven!" replied the firſt. " A very fine girl, faith!"

This

This dialogue, perhaps not without the intention of the ſpeakers, who might intend to imitate in this, that uſual impertinence of people of faſhion, the bane of all public entertainment, was carried on in a tone of voice which ſeemed to ſignify that it was addreſſed to the ſurrounding audience.

The attention both of Peregrine and Haſtings, caught by the petulant levity of the dialogue, was diverted to the ſpeakers; and as one of them was in the ſame moment in the act of ſcanning with an Opera-glaſs the ſubject of their remarks, Peregrine, following the line of viſion, at length arrived at its object.

Seeing him ſtart, with every appearance of confuſion, and ſomething even of the moſt violent emotion, Haſtings demanded the cauſe of this ſudden effect. The eyes of Peregrine ſeemed rivetted to the object, and

indeed not without reaſon. In a word, the ſubject of the dialogue which we have juſt related, was no other than Cecilia herſelf, who, accompanied by Myrtle, was in one of the boxes immediately at the ſide of that part of the pit where Peregrine was ſitting.

It is eaſy to conceive what were the reflections and conſequent feelings of a lover, upon an incident like this. This effect was ſtill further augmented by the apparent levity, and even attentive complacency of his miſtreſs to her ſedulous attendant.

Cecilia, as we have before mentioned, was paſſionately fond of the amuſements of the Theatre; Myrtle, by his deſultory and, as it were, vagrant life, was better acquainted with the whole tribe of actors and actreſſes, and their relative merits, than any other in the whole circle of the *beau monde*. It cannot therefore be a ſubject of any ſurpriſe that however

however reſerved to him upon the ſubject of his addreſſes, and every thing which concerned him as a lover, ſhe liſtened to him with much readineſs, and even ſome intereſt, as a companion.

Such was the effect of this conduct upon Peregrine that, unable any longer to command or conceal his emotion, he had ruſhed from the Theatre. He was followed by Haſtings, who inſiſted upon accompanying him to his apartments. He did not however attempt to adminiſter to him any argument of conſolation; he had too much knowledge of the nature and paſſions of his ſpecies, to loſe his efforts in this attempt. He had the ſagacity to know that no reaſoning could be effectual, till the violence of paſſion had ſomewhat ſubſided.

In the meantime, as the departure of Peregrine and his friend from the houſe had taken

taken place in a part of the performance, in which the intereſt of the piece and the excellence of the actors had huſhed the houſe into the ſilence of expectation, it had attracted the attention of the ſpectators, and, amongſt others, of Cecilia. She ſaw Peregrine ruſh from the Theatre; and as even his external manner was a ſufficient argument of his inward emotion, ſhe was at no loſs to divine its cauſe. This diſcovery had little leſs effect upon herſelf, than what Peregrine ſuffered from his unreaſonable jealouſy. Her companion could not fail to perceive her diſcompoſure, though its cauſe, perhaps fortunately no leſs for herſelf than Peregrine, eſcaped his diſcernment. Upon her complaint of ſudden indiſpoſition, he preſented his hand, and leading her to her carriage, they returned to her father's.

In

In the ſervice of Cecilia, indeed, as her own immediate maid, was a young French girl, who, having belonged to an emigrant family of *ci-devant* diſtinction, had been taken into the attendance of her perſon. With all the levity, ſo peculiarly the characteriſtic of her nation, ſhe had a quality perhaps ſtill more ſo—that of a ſpirit of intrigue. It was the misfortune of Cecilia too ſoon to experience this part of the accompliſhments of her attendant.

Cecilia had no ſooner gained her chamber, than, reſolved to re-aſſure her lover, and to baniſh his unreaſonable jealouſy (but of which, however unreaſonable, ſhe dreaded the effects), ſhe ſummoned her maid, and, for want of a better accomplice and confidant, diſcloſed every thing to a perſon of whom, of all the world, ſhe ſhould have been moſt cautious. Whilſt Peregrine had lived

in

in the family, this girl had at firſt ſelected him as a ſuitable lover for herſelf; and when ſhe diſcovered that he was inſenſible to her ſo numerous *agrémens*, though, even in her advances, ſhe had too much of the *politeſſe* of her country to betray her purpoſe, her partiality was converted into contempt, and even ſomething little ſhort of a moſt rooted hatred.

To Peregrine, however, another and a far better ſubject for her peculiar talent, her ſpirit of intrigue, ſoon ſucceeded. This was no other than the father of Cecilia. The Pariſian coquetries of Mademoiſelle had made a conqueſt of the heart of this worthy merchant. The girl was not long in perceiving her good fortune, and, with the uſual policy of her country, reſolved to avail herſelf of it to the very utmoſt of her efforts.

It is needleſs to enter into a minute relation of all the various artifices to which ſhe had recourſe for the final accompliſhment of her deſigns. It will be ſufficient to add that ſhe fully ſucceeded.

In the meantime, as ſhe was well acquainted with every circumſtance of the family, the attachment of Cecilia and Peregrine, with the oppoſition of the father, her own lover, had not eſcaped her knowledge. She juſtly, therefore, conjectured that nothing could more ſtrongly recommend her to the father, than by acting as a ſpy upon his daughter. For this purpoſe it had for ſome time been her chief aim to procure the confidence of Cecilia; but though ſhe had conducted herſelf in this purſuit with great addreſs, ſhe had found an almoſt inſuperable obſtacle in the modeſty of her ſubject. Of this kind of modeſty Mademoiſelle had neither

neither knowledge nor conception; ſhe imputed it therefore to a wrong motive—a ſuſpicion of her purpoſe, and thus hated Cecilia with more bitterneſs than Peregrine himſelf. Such was the perſon whom the unſuſpicious innocence of Cecilia had ſelected as a truſty confidant.

By the perſuaſions of this traitreſs, for purpoſes which will ſoon appear, Cecilia was induced to write to Peregrine, and Mademoiſelle undertook to convey the letter. To an enquiry of Cecilia whether ſhe knew his abode, ſhe replied in the negative. Mademoiſelle, however, was too well verſed in the trade of intrigue to have neglected any thing which, by the moſt remote poſſibility, might conduce to the attainment of her deſigns. From the time that Peregrine had left the family, ſhe had never loſt him from her ſight. She had traced him to his reſidence

reſidence with Sir Rupert; and therefore, when thus commiſſioned with the letter of Cecilia, ſhe had no difficulty to execute her truſt. To the aſtoniſhment perhaps of the reader, he will find that ſhe *does* execute it. But let him not conclude that, in this faithful diſcharge of her truſt, ſhe forgot her uſual character, or her fixed purpoſe. There are many occaſions in the mingled occurrences of the world, and more particularly in the world of intrigue, where a ſeeming fidelity is the moſt dangerous of perfidy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

WE ſhall leave to the conception of our readers what paſſed in the mind of Peregrine during the night. It will be ſufficient to ſay, that his feelings were thoſe of every lover in the ſame ſituation with himſelf. If, in the variety of paſſions which agitate the mind of man, there is one more painful in its operation, and more fatal in its effects, it is that of jealouſy.

He was interrupted as he was taking his morning repaſt, by the entrance of Sir Rupert. There is no greater difficulty which the

the eſtabliſhed forms of ſociety impoſe, than that of aſſuming an appearance of complacency and compoſure when the mind is the prey of contending emotions. Peregrine, whatever were his inward feelings, was now under the neceſſity of aſſuming this external veil.

Sir Rupert, after ſome preface, took a manuſcript from his pocket, and putting it into the hands of Peregrine, requeſted him to give it a peruſal, and to make a criticiſm upon its beauties and defects in the courſe of the day. It was a ſubject of ſome ſurpriſe to the latter, when, upon turning over its pages, he diſcovered it to be a Greek manuſcript, an edition of the Odes of Anacreon, with notes and comments by one of the moſt learned men of the day. His aſtoniſhment was ſtill further increaſed when, upon a peruſal of the preface, it ſolicited with the

the moſt earneſt reſpect the criticiſms, remarks, and corrections of Sir Rupert. As the author had been ſome time dead, Peregrine was for a moment at a loſs to underſtand the ſource of this application, till Sir Rupert, with his uſual complacency, explained it.

" The bookſellers," ſaid he, " are about to give a new edition. They have employed, as their editor, a learned gentleman, and a friend of mine. I have agreed to cancel a bond for money which I have lent him, and he has had the goodneſs to make me this return. You muſt make ſome remaks, no matter whether to the purpoſe or not, ſo as they are Greek quotations, and thus carry the appearance of learning. They will anſwer his purpoſe no leſs than my own. He will inſert them as the ſuggeſtions of his very learned friend, Sir Rupert Rupee; who, in the

the midſt of a moſt active and uſeful life, has found time to indulge his taſte for learning, and his early fondneſs for Greek literature."

Sir Rupert after a hearty laugh, for he had ſo much of ſagacity in his folly, that ſome of our readers may be of opinion we have done him injuſtice, left the apartment. He was ſucceeded by a viſitor, who was better ſuited to the preſent taſte of Peregrine.

This was no other than Mademoiſelle. With one of thoſe courtly ſmiles which, under the external colours of friendſhip, conceal the moſt venomous malice, ſhe put a letter into the hands of Peregrine, and throwing herſelf upon a ſofa, with the grace and careleſſneſs of a Pariſian *belle*, ſhe took up a morning-paper, and waited with patience his peruſal.

It is unneceſſary, we may ſuppoſe, to repeat to our readers that the letter was from

Cecilia

Cecilia; it is equally unneceſſary to give a minute relation of its contents; for ſuch of our readers as have been lovers, will gueſs them: and if any of them have eſcaped this epidemic weakneſs, they will have little reliſh for ſuch a narrative.

In a word, the contents of the letter were ſo ſatisfactory to Peregrine, that his jealouſy departed with the ſame rapidity with which it had entered: and perhaps this his perfect ſecurity was ſtill more unreaſonable than his former apprehenſions. To a reaſonable lover, if the world of love can produce ſuch a being, a rival, of the accompliſhments, and more particularly of the opportunities of the Captain, was an object of ſomething very different from ſecurity. Peregrine, however, was a lover; and, in the language of a Roman wit, to expect reaſon in the hopes or projects of a lover, is as mad as the attempt

attempt *cum ratione insanire.* Peregrine therefore was now fully satisfied.

The conclusion of the letter was such as to augment this satisfaction. To the ardent entreaties of Peregrine, upon his departure from the house of her father, Cecilia had so far conceded as to consent to grant him an interview, once in every month, upon a certain day, and in a certain place. Upon her part, she had insisted on no other provision than that this meeting should take place in the presence of a third person. It was now within a week of the day appointed. Cecilia consented, in a postscript of her letter, to anticipate the affixed day, and meet him in the same evening with the delivery of her billet.

Peregrine in a transport of pleasure caught the ambassadress of so welcome a message in his arms, and embraced the astonished

Mademoiſelle with a warmth truly Engliſh. After a long chain of enquiries which may be eaſily conjectured, Peregrine was about to diſmiſs her with a verbal acknowledgment of the kindneſs of his miſtreſs. This, however, for cauſes which may afterwards appear, did not ſuit the purpoſe of Mademoiſelle; he was thus induced to write a ſhort billet, the delivery of which into the hands of Cecilia, with her uſual politeneſs and uſual perfidy, Mademoiſelle undertook. With every aſſurance of the faithful diſcharge of this truſt, ſhe took her leave.

Peregrine had ſcarcely reſeated himſelf, when he was interrupted by the entrance of another viſitor. This was no other than the gentleman who had excited his aſtoniſhment the preceding evening, by his Frenchified manner at the *converſazione* of Lady Rupee. As the billet and meſſage of his miſtreſs had

reſtored him to his uſual complacency, he received him with pleaſure, though unable to conjecture the motives of his viſit.

After ſome introductory matter, the ſubject of which was the ſingular folly of the lady, the honeſt gentleman, to the momentary aſtoniſhment of Peregrine, thus connued—

" In a word, my friend, I have a propoſal to make to you. As you have lived upon the town in the ſame manner with myſelf——"

Peregrine here interrupted him, and requeſted him to explain what he meant by the phraſe, " living upon the town."

" 'Tis a term," ſaid he, " to expreſs thoſe who have no viſible way of livelihood. As their eſtate, or the ſources from which they derive their ſupply, are not confined to any particular ſpot, they are ſaid emphatically to

live upon the town; becauſe it is from the whole town that they look for ſupport. In a word, my friend, when we ſpeak of the livelihood of authors, pickpockets, players, and proſtitutes, we ſay, and emphatically enough, that they live upon the town."

Peregrine thanked him for the definition, and requeſted him to proceed.

"To loſe no time then," continued he, "my propoſal will be no leſs to the advantage of you than myſelf. In one word, it amounts only to this. I have for ſome months, I might ſay years, had a play in the hands of the Managers; but theſe gentlemen, with their uſual politeneſs, though always ready to give an anſwer, have never as yet given it. I have thus diſcovered that no manuſcript is ever read, unleſs preſented or ſeconded by a great and commanding recommendation. The Lady of Sir Rupert has this neceſſary

neceſſary intereſt with the Managers. I have thus contrived to introduce myſelf to her knowledge; and, as I knew her foible, I fixed upon the only means which could recommend me to her patronage. You need not be told how much ſhe admires foreigners, and how favourable was my reception under that diſguiſe. I am in a fair way of carrying my point. She believes that the Comedy is the production of a friend of mine; and, upon my moſt earneſt entreaties, has already recommended it to the peruſal of the Managers. I can foreſee that it will be in your power to aſſiſt me, no leſs than to injure me by a diſcovery of my contrivance. My propoſal therefore is this—do the one, and abſtain from the other, and you ſhall ſhare the profits of my Comedy.——What ſay you, my friend, to my propoſal?"

Peregrine with many thanks, and an aſſurance that he would not be the means of diſcovering a purpoſe which had nothing of miſchief in it, declined his propoſal. The gentleman, after ſome further delay, took his leave; and in the ſame moment, to the ſatisfaction of Peregrine, his friend Haſtings entered. The latter, obſerving the changed features of the former, his air of emotion and deſpair being now replaced by that of hope and happineſs, already conjectured in ſubſtance what Peregrine upon his requeſt related in detail.

Having ſeen the late viſitor of Peregrine deſcend the ſtairs in the ſame moment in which himſelf was aſcending, Haſtings demanded of Peregrine the motive of his viſit. To this the latter replied with an interrogation whether he knew any thing of him.

"Yes,"

" Yes," replied Haſtings; " next to yourſelf, he is one of the moſt intimate friends I can reckon in the world. He is a man of family, of large expectations, but of a prodigality infinitely beyond his fortune. His knowledge of the world; or, in other and more diſtinct words, his practice of the town, has furniſhed him with ſome of thoſe contrivances of *fineſſe*—ſome of thoſe *ruſés de guerre*, which, if their purpoſe were leſs innocent, would not be ſo pardonable.—But what do you mean to do with yourſelf till the hour of your interview with your miſtreſs?"

Peregrine acknowledged himſelf at a loſs.

" Well," reſumed Haſtings, " ſuppoſe we dine together at our old place under the Piazzas. You have ſometimes expreſſed a deſire to hear a relation of my life. That of L——, of whom we have been ſpeaking,

is involved in it; and you may hear ſomething of both of us, which may be ſtill more uſeful than entertaining."

Peregrine accepted the propoſal, and followed his friend.

CHAP. XV.

The Hiſtory of an Adventurer; or the real Adventures of a living Character.

"EVERY biographer," ſaid Haſtings, "whether the biographer of the lives of heroes and heroines, ſuch as Plutarch and the

the whole tribe of Novelists; or the biographer of his own actions, such as Cæsar, and the Hero of Finsbury Square, usually commences the narrative of his life by something of his family. I shall imitate them in this, if in nothing else.

"My father was the third or fourth son of an Irish Nobleman; who, with a family of eleven children, had nothing to support them and the necessary splendour of his title, but an estate of about fifteen hundred a-year. It is well known that the most open hospitality is the characteristic of the Irish Nobility: my grandfather, with a tenth part of their usual estates, attempted to rival them in expenditure. He died in a moment in which his creditors were about to seize his effects; and thus a sounding title, with a narrow estate, descended upon my uncle, the late Earl of ———.

" I have heard it from my father himſelf, that my grandfather, upon his death-bed, was deſirous of adding to his will a codicil in his favour; but that he died before the pen could be put into his hand for the purpoſe. The legacy of my father, therefore, was one hundred and fifty pounds.—With this, and a good education in the College of Trinity, Dublin, he had to ſeek his fortune. From a motive rather of caprice than prudence, he embarked for America. He had heard, perhaps, that America was the land of adventurers, and the only place on the ſurface of the earth where a man, with a ſmall capital, might procure a permanent eſtabliſhment. But idle as this motive appears, I am inclined, and from his own words, to impute it to one ſtill more imprudent—that of ſeeing the world.

" Upon

" Upon his arrival on the new Continent, he loſt no time, but with all the ardour of enterpriſe reſolved to ſeek his fortune, though he knew not in what manner, in Philadelphia. The port in which he had landed being at the diſtance of about a hundred and forty miles from this city, and the coach, the uſual mode of conveyance, having departed ſome hours before his arrival, he undertook and actually accompliſhed the journey on foot. I have not time to enter into a minute narrative of his further adventures, though they might aſſuredly be uſeful; as I am perſuaded there are many who have been in the ſame ſituation, and with the ſame final views, as himſelf. The narrative of one real incident is worth all the fictions of romance; ſuch relations may be juſtly conſidered as a ſpecies of charts to the voyage of life; they ſerve as beacons to warn or guide.

" In one word, my father's purſuit, accompanied with ſuch ardour and induſtry, did not entirely fail. Without knowing an individual from one extremity of the Continent to the other, for, as he had never underſtood his own plan, he had never provided any inſtruments of its ſucceſs, he had the good fortune to be appointed an aſſiſtant tutor to the College of Philadelphia. His ſalary indeed was ſmall, about four hundred dollars a-year; but, had he choſen to have awaited his turn, he muſt have ſucceeded, according to the routine of office, to ſomething infinitely better.

" His ardour of enterpriſe, or to ſpeak with more preciſion, his ſpirit of wandering, led him to abandon this proſpect. With the ſame indiſtinct views he embarked on board a veſſel, and ſailed for the iſland of Jamaica. He had the ſame good fortune here: by means

means of a recommendatory letter, he was appointed Preſident of the Provincial School. In a ſhort time afterwards, he addreſſed and married the daughter of a planter. But it ſeemed as if a large family was to prove the bane of all his proſpects; for that of my mother conſiſted of eight brothers and ſiſters. My father therefore received with her about five hundred dollars, or one hundred and twenty pounds. His reſtleſs ſpirit again led him to throw himſelf from a certain, and indeed conſiderable eſtabliſhment, upon the chances of the world. He embarked for England; and in the year 1774, and in the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas, arrived in London.

" Behold him, at the age of about twenty-four, in a lodging in St. George's Fields, with a fortune diminiſhed to ſeventy dollars, or thirteen pounds, a wife, and a negro girl as a ſervant. Such was his ſituation upon

his

his *debut* in England. Happening to see an advertisement in a newspaper, that a house was to let at W——, in Hertfordshire, of large premises, cheap rent, and suited for a school, he took it without hesitation. He was permitted to take the furniture at an appraisement, and was allowed a year's credit. In a short time he had the good fortune to secure scholars. Upon the period of my birth, in 1777, he was appointed Curate of the Parish Church. To conclude, he obtained, from his learning and elegant manners, the patronage of a Nobleman, one of his parishioners: by him he was presented with the living of Y——, in Gloucestershire; and in the following year, to a Rectory of upwards of nine hundred pounds *per annum*, in Suffex.

" The family of my father still continued to increase with his fortune; and in the year

year 1790, about the thirteenth year of my age, I had ſeven brothers and ſiſters. It was neceſſary therefore to conſider upon our future eſtabliſhment; and as I was the eldeſt of my three brothers, I was of courſe the firſt ſubject of this reflection. The experience of my father had not cured him of his natural propenſity to ſpeculation, and in this ſpirit he reſolved upon one of the moſt wild purpoſes which it was poſſible to fall into the head of man. In a word, he reſolved to ſend me to a public ſchool, to form connections; and under the future patronage of theſe early friends, he was firmly perſuaded that I ſhould obtain an eſtabliſhment.

" With this purpoſe I was ſent to Eton. My father, however, had too much generoſity, and too much natural pride (perhaps the ſame thing with another name) to inſtruct me in any practice of adulation or courtſhip;

courtſhip: he even concealed his purpoſe from me; and I believe was deſirous of covering it even to himſelf. He left every thing, in this reſpect, to the direction of chance.

" Behold me in a public ſchool. Emulation, in concurrence with tolerable parts, and the entreaties of my father, who neglected nothing on his part, rendered me a good claſſic, and I thus obtained much credit with the maſters. With my ſchoolfellows I was upon the uſual terms of intimacy and boyiſh affection. In this manner I paſſed through Eton, and reached my twentieth year. My father had expected that I ſhould have formed that intimacy with ſome of the *nobiles ipſi* of my companions; that their friends, upon my leaving ſchool, would have gratified them ſo far as to aſſociate us in our future life; that they would have ſelected me as their

their tutors, and raiſed me to a ſplendid independence as a companion. Nothing of this happened, and for the very beſt reaſon in the world; becauſe nothing of this was in the common and general courſe of the nature of things.

" I have dwelt upon this, becauſe I know, from my own obſervation, that many other fathers have acted upon the ſame error; and that of all the ſons of gentlemen of ſmall fortunes who are ſent to ſuch expenſive ſchools as Weſtminſter, Eton, Wincheſter, and Harrow, two-thirds have been ſent upon this fatal ſpeculation. If it ſhould be your fortune, Peregrine, to be the father of a family, beware of an error which, from the taſte of expence, the conſequent embarraſſments, the utter incapacity for any of thoſe leſs brilliant departments to which alone their circumſtances are ſuited, but with which

which a classical education, in the midst of splendour, of rank, and opulence so little concurs, has terminated not unfrequently in suicide itself.

" You will pardon me for my seriousness. My father therefore, finding the failure of his first design, conceived another scarcely less unpromising.—In a word, he resolved to send me to the University, upon the speculation of getting me a Fellowship by my superior learning. My industry whilst at Eton had really its merited success; and I left it with the reputation of being the best classic upon the Foundation.

" My father judged our English Universities according to his experience of the foreign—American Institutions. As his learning had procured him an immediate reception and encouragement, he flattered himself that, from the same cause, I should find the same

ſame ſucceſs in Oxford. He was as yet ignorant that the places of the Treaſury and thoſe of the Univerſities were exactly upon the ſame footing; and that learning was as much, or rather as little, recommendation to the one, as patriotiſm would be to the other. My father therefore ſought out a College where there were the greateſt number of what are called open Fellowſhips; that is to ſay, of ſuch as were open to ſtudents of every county. The reſult of this was, that I was ſent, in the year 1798, to M—— College, Oxford, under the profeſſed and wild ſpeculation of procuring a Fellowſhip by my ſuperior acquiſitions in claſſic learning.

" I perceive that you ſmile; and to confeſs the truth, you have ample reaſon. It has indeed often been a ſubject of my ſurpriſe, that a man of the real abilities and, in all other reſpects, extenſive knowledge of the world,

world, as my father, could fall into an error ſo egregious as to ſuppoſe that in an Engliſh Univerſity learning could be any means of advancement. It is of other kind of matter, as Sancho ſays, of other kind of wood that Profeſſors and Fellows of Colleges are made.

" I had been at M—— College but a ſhort time before I formed an intimacy with L——. I no ſooner, in the courſe of a familiar converſation, explained to him my views, than he broke into a fit of laughter. He excuſed himſelf by a full diſplay of the abſurdity of my expectations.

' Learning,' ſaid he, ' might be the original end of our Inſtitutions; but the gentlemen, our Preſidents and Wardens of the preſent day, have too much complaiſance to maintain the rules of monaſtic barbariſm in their full ſtrictneſs. No, no, my friend; learning

learning is one of the leaſt of the means neceſſary to a Fellowſhip. You forget our current aphoriſm—

" Bene natus, bene veſtitus, et mediocriter doctus."

Or perhaps you may like it better in Engliſh—

" Well born, well cloth'd, and half a fool,
" Makes a Fellow of All-Souls!"

" In a word, the raillery of L——, in concurrence with his arguments, had wrought my conviction; but I had no time to act upon it, as the next letter I received contained the information of the death of my father.

" I will not trouble you with a narrative of events of little intereſt and no utility; ſuffice it to ſay, that I refuſed to accept any thing further of the property of my late father,

father, than what, after the discharge of my College debts, left me a surplus of seven guineas. I had returned to M—— College for the purpose of this payment of my debts; but as it would have been madness to have remained at Oxford upon a property of seven guineas, I took leave of my College friends, and getting into the stage, departed for London. You will think that, having to seek my fortune in the wide world, with no other capital than seven guineas, reduced however to little more than five upon my arrival, my reflections during my journey were not of the most pleasant nature. But you are deceived. You have not taken every thing into your estimate. In the course of my leisure at Oxford, I had written a Novel in three volumes, and a Play in five acts."

Peregrine

Peregrine here broke into a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by Haſtings.

" Did you reckon this as any addition to your capital?" ſaid Peregrine.

" Yes," reſumed Haſtings; " and you muſt know little of an adventurer, and leſs of an author, to put ſuch a queſtion, or to entertain any doubt. But you ſhall hear how I reckoned it.

" I had read in a life of Fielding, that he obtained a hundred pounds as the purchaſe of his Tom Jones. I had learned moreover, that Smollett had received nearly three hundred for his Roderic Random. The biographer of Le Sage has made mention that the author received five hundred from the bookſellers as the price of his copyright for his Gil Blas. I added theſe ſums together, and, in order to obtain the average price of a ſingle volume, divided the whole

amount

amount of their united ſums by the number of volumes. Upon theſe data I computed the three volumes of my Novel to be worth two hundred and eighty pounds.

" I was equally ingenious in the computation of the value of my Play: I took the average value of the Plays of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, and allowing for the different value of money, I computed that I might eſtimate my Comedy at fifteen hundred pounds, excluſive of its copyright. You will think this piece of ſanguine folly incredible; but I am perſuaded that I am not the only one who has fallen into a ſimilar extravagance, and that there are many authors living, both in town and country, who have been equally ludicrous in their calculations. Such is the neceſſity of knowledge of the town.

" With

" With this capital of five pounds, a Novel in three volumes, and a Play in five acts, I arose from my bed in the Gloucester Coffee-house, in Piccadilly; and on the morning succeeding the night of my arrival in town, sallied out to seek my fortune. As my chief dependance was my Comedy, I carried it to the house of the Manager of Drury Lane; and that gentleman not being at home, committed it to his servant. I knew that I could not expect an answer immediately; I therefore retired to a neighbouring coffee-house, and, as I was in want of a more speedy supply, I resolved to try the fate of my Novel. I had heard that works of the greatest merit were published by a celebrated bookseller in the Strand; I sat down therefore, and wrote the following note:—

To Mr. ———.

'SIR,

'I have ſome occaſions of obſerving the ſplendour and elegance with which you have emitted from your preſs the works you have undertaken; I have heard, moreover, much of your liberality to men of letters. I conceive myſelf, therefore, as a member of that deſcription, engaged to make you every poſſible return in gratitude. From this cauſe, Sir, I preſent for your acceptance a Novel in three volumes.—The purchaſe is two hundred and eighty pounds for the whole and permanent copy-right.

'I could

'I could wiſh to have it printed as ſoon as poſſible, and with proper types and ſuitable paper.

'I am, Sir, &c.'

"Having put this letter, together with the manuſcript, into the hands of a porter, with many cautions of careful delivery, I felt the complacency of a man, who had diſpatched a moſt important buſineſs. In this humour I again ſallied forth into the ſtreet.

"Paſſing into the Strand, I happened to meet L——. He informed me, in the courſe of my converſation, that his ſituation was ſomething ſimilar to my own; that he had no other purpoſe in coming to town but that of making money, and that he had no

other means to this end, but what are uſually called his wits. I adviſed him to write a Play.

'What,' ſaid he, 'am I to do in the meantime?'

'Write a Novel,' ſaid I, 'which will take you but a very ſhort time.'

"L—— made no other reply than a ſmile; the meaning of which I did not at that period underſtand. I was careful, however, not to make him acquainted with my own productions; not ſo much from any apprehenſion of rivalſhip, as from a deſire of ſtriking him with aſtoniſhment at my ſplendid *debut*. You ſmile at my ſimplicity; it was really beyond what you will believe credible. Having a Play in the hands of the Manager, and a Novel in that of a bookſeller, I was ſo fully perſuaded that my fortune was made, that, in walking through the

Acre,

Acre, I had the folly to aſk the price of half the curricles I ſaw; and with ſcarcely four guineas in my purſe, and no other means than what I have mentioned of ever increaſing this ſum, I was actually upon the point of giving an order to Hatchet.

" As L—— and myſelf dined together, he took a newſpaper from his pocket, and ſhewing me an advertiſement, added, that he was departing to the appointed place of application. He deſired me to accompany him; and, having no better occupation, I conſented. The advertiſement was for a private tutor. We were introduced, upon our arrival, to a large maſculine woman, who demanded of us, abruptly enough, which of us was in want of a place. This addreſs, more ſuited to a cook than a claſſic tutor, put us ſomething out of countenance, and

the vulgarity of the woman ſtill increaſed our confuſion.

'To judge by your looks,' ſaid ſhe, 'young men, I ſuppoſe both of you would be glad of eating and drinking, hey?—Latin and Greek are good learning, but bad living. Well, for my part, I can ſee no uſe in it; but as I mean to bring my boys into the Houſe, and I could wiſh them to talk with the beſt of them, I ſhall let them learn it. So let us hear, young men, what you can do; and I will then make my choice.'

"Saying this, ſhe drew an arm-chair into the middle of the room, and fixing her broad reſplendent countenance immediately oppoſite to us, ſeemed to await our anſwer, but without aſking us to take a ſeat.

"For my own part, I had been ſilent with aſtoniſhment ever ſince I had ſet foot into

into her houſe. In the firſt place, I had formed no other idea of a claſſic tutor, than that of a gentleman engaged upon liberal terms, and with a liberal treatment, for the education of the ſons of perſons of their own order, but of ſuch as were of a more ample fortune.

" The houſe into which we had now entered, was that of a leather-feller; and the woman we were addreſſing, was his widow. She had no appearance of belonging to that higher order of citizens, whoſe elegance connects them with the firſt ranks of ſociety; ſhe was pure naked vulgarity; low, and very corpulent in perſon, waddling in her walk, and ſticking one arm in her ſide whenever ſhe addreſſed us. It was to the ſons and heirs of this leather-feller that we were about to be engaged as private tutors.

" L——, with ſome embarraſſment, mentioned his qualifications; but the widow, after ſtaring him in the face, abruptly interrupted him.

' It won't do, young man;—you won't do!"

" Repeating this whilſt ſhe rung the bell, ſhe commanded a ſervant, upon his entrance—

' Shew that young man to the ſtreet-door!'

" I was preparing to follow him, when, to my aſtoniſhment, ſhe pulled me back.

' Stop, young man,' ſaid he, ' let us hear what you can ſay for yourſelf;—perhaps you may ſuit us better. To ſay the truth, I have only one objection to your friend, and that is, he ſquints.'

Peregrine here interrupted Haſtings with a laugh; but the latter continued.

" You

" You have reaſon for your mirth," ſaid he; " for I believe a more ſingular objection to a claſſic tutor was never before heard. But to ſhorten my narrative, as I had the good fortune not to ſquint, ſhe engaged me upon a ſmall ſalary; and as L—— requeſted me to accept the engagement, I was ſoon eſtabliſhed in my new capacity. It was only upon the following morning that I learned what was to be my daily duty: the family conſiſted of ſeven children, five boys, a girl about eight years of age, and a child who had juſt begun to talk. The mother led me into a ſmall room, where the five boys were ſeated round a table.

' You muſt excuſe the girl this morning,' ſaid ſhe, ' as ſhe is with her dancing-maſter; but you ſhall have her in the afternoon.'

" Upon the firſt ſight of the five boys, I could hardly contain my inclination to burſt

into a fit of laughter; and this promiſe of a further addition to my charge overcame all reſtraint: I gave free vent to my inclination. The widow reddened; but as ſhe did not underſtand the cauſe of this emotion, ſhe was compelled to wait my explanation. I did not heſitate to tell her, that I had engaged myſelf to her as a tutor, and not as a ſchool-maſter; and that I ſhould be ſorry to take Miſs from her dancing-maſter: and, without waiting her anſwer, I took my hat, and left the houſe.

"I waited upon L——, who, hearing this relation of my diſmiſſal, joined in my mirth, and we enjoyed ourſelves ſome time at the expence of the widow and her young leather-ſellers. He then told me that he had met with better fortune in his ſecond application; for that, without any objection to his

his squinting, he had been engaged as an assistant to a French Academy.

'I have something for you too,' said he; 'there is an advertisement from the General Repertory, for an amanuensis to a literary gentleman:—come, let us apply for it.'

"Calling at the Repertory, we were desired to wait upon a gentleman, at No. —, Norfolk Street, in the Strand. We were introduced to a person whom, at his first words, we found to be a Frenchman; he engaged me without delay, and desired me to board and lodge with him. He had become, by his long abode in England, a naturalized subject; but, as I afterwards discovered, still retained all the prejudices and all the principles of a Frenchman. He had supported himself wholly by a life of letters. He had at first lived in C—— Street, Westminster, and made a decent income by teaching the

French language to the boys of Weſtminſter School. The profits of a French Dictionary enabled him to remove to a larger houſe, in Norfolk Street. His democratic principles being known to the Editors of the C———r, procured him an engagement as an aſſiſtant writer to this paper. In a word, he contrived by theſe various means to extract from the public an income of very near a thouſand *per annum*. His heart, however, was thoroughly French; and, to my certain knowledge, he maintained a correſpondence with the Commandant of Rouen. A diſcovery of theſe practices occaſioned me to leave him; I will not ſay from pure patriotiſm, but from a prudent apprehenſion of the conſequences. My retreat was in good time; for within a fortnight after I had left him, his perſon and papers were ſeized; though, as nothing appeared againſt him, the lenity

of

of the Government again reſtored him to liberty, and permitted him even to remain in the kingdom; an anſwer by the way, and an anſwer from experience, to all thoſe extravagant outcries againſt our Miniſters, for their imagined ſeverity and exceſſive power, under the ſuſpenſion of our Habeas Corpus Act. Under any other Government, this gentleman would not have eſcaped ſo.

"I had now allowed the Manager ſix months for the peruſal of my Play, and the bookſeller the ſame time for the examination of my Novel. Thinking, therefore, that they had now decided upon their merits, I called one morning at the houſe of Mr. K——. Mr. K—— was not at home. I called on him on the following day. Mr. K—— was at the Theatre. I followed him thither; and having at length gained an interview, introduced the ſubject of

of my Comedy, reminded him of the time it had been in his hands, and requeſted his anſwer.

" As I was dreſſed tolerably, and, I flatter myſelf, had ſomething of the appearance of a gentleman, Mr. K—— condeſcended to treat me with ſomething like civility. He told me, however, that he had never heard of my Play; but took my addreſs, and promiſed me an anſwer in a week. To conclude the ſubject of my Play in one word, I received it back within the appointed time. And thus terminated my proſpects, formed upon the average product of the Plays of Vanburgh, Farquhar, Congreve, and Sheridan.

" I will not deny that I felt my diſappointment; but being naturally of a ſanguine temperament, and one upon whom nothing could produce a laſting depreſſion, I ſoon

recovered my usual content, and diverted my hopes to another point—that of my Novel. On the following morning I waited upon the bookseller: he was upon the point of getting into his carriage, to attend his duty upon an important question in Parliament. Upon being told that a gentleman desired to see him upon business, he commanded the servant to return with an answer, that if the affair was not of importance, he would be obliged to me if I would call upon him the following day.

" As I really imagined my Novel to be equal to any of the works of Fielding and Smollett, and I had heard that they had made the fortune of the booksellers who had purchased their copyright, I desired the servant, in the most innocent manner imaginable, to give my compliments to his master, and

and that the affair was of the utmoſt importance, and one in which he, no leſs than myſelf, had the greateſt concern.

" Mr. ——, upon hearing this, left his carriage; and in expectation perhaps of ſeeing the Premier himſelf, attended me.—It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ludicrous air with which he regarded me, when I told him that I had ſent him a Novel in three volumes, and that I waited upon him for his deciſion. He told me that he never printed Novels, and deſired the manuſcript to be redelivered to me. The manuſcript, however, was no where to be found. After much enquiry amongſt the ſhopmen, one of them at length remembered that ſuch a parcel had been ſent, but that, upon ſeeing its contents, the porter had been deſired to carry it back to the gentleman from whom he had received it. As

he

he had not been able to find me, it had remained in his hands ever ſince, that is to ſay for the ſpace of ſix months.

" Thus, whilſt I was meditating what order I ſhould give to Hatchet—whilſt I was reflecting, as I actually did reflect, whether I ſhould employ it to purchaſe in the army, or as a capital for trade, the Novel upon which I reſted my hopes was in the hands of a porter, and the Play, as I have ſince diſcovered, had never been from the drawer of the table in the kitchen of the Manager, in which it was firſt depoſited. But the works of better authors have been in a ſituation leſs tolerable.

" That I may conclude this ſubject in one word, after a ſeries of diſappointments, in which one of the trade had the liberality to offer me nearly twice as much as I afterwards received, I ſold my Novel to Mr. ———, of

of Paternoſter Row, for thirty pounds; a terrible falling from my eſtimate upon the average value of the works of Congreve and Vanburgh. Such was the end of my manuſcripts.

" Upon the receipt of my thirty pounds, which had been the greateſt ſum I had poſſeſſed ſince the death of my father, I was for ſome days at a loſs in what manner to diſpoſe of it, ſo as to form a ſmall permanent capital. At one moment I had conceived the project of embarking for America, and ſeeking my fortune in the land of adventurers. At another, I had commenced and almoſt executed a ſtill more ſingular enterpriſe. Happening to fall into the company, and, as my pride was a little lowered, into a ſubſequent intimacy with a mate of an Eaſt Indiaman, he adviſed me to accompany him over to India, adding that he had influence enough with

with the Captain to procure me my paſſage as a midſhipman—that the length of the voyage would inſtruct me in navigation—and that upon my arrival in Bengal, being under no obligation, either written or otherwiſe, to the Captain, I might leave the ſhip, and ſeek my fortune in a country of all others the moſt favourable to adventurers. I was then to ſeek my fortune either by entering on board ſome of the country ſhips, or in any other way which I might prefer.

" I had proceeded ſo far in this enterpriſe, that I was actually on board the ſhip. An accident, which delayed it in the river for repairs, gave me the leiſure to return to London. Every thing was now ready for my departure; I reſolved, however, to bid adieu to L——. I found him in his uſual ſpirits, though he was weary of his French partner.

partner. This foreigner it appeared, with the uſual *politeſſe* of his country, had no objection to ſhare the profits, but had reſolved that all the labour ſhould remain with L——.

" L——, upon hearing my project, rallied it with his uſual humour, and to my regret at this moment, perſuaded me to lay it aſide. He was equally ingenious in releaſing me from my embarraſſment with regard to the diſpoſal of my thirty pounds. He propoſed that we ſhould make a pedeſtrian tour of Wales: the propoſal ſuited my fancy, and on the following day we departed from London.

" Should I live to the utmoſt period of the life of man, I ſhall always remember with pleaſure the time I ſpent upon this tour. How few of thoſe who, with the reſtleſs caprice

caprice of opulence, fly from our own ſhores to the kingdoms of the Continent, have ſeen half the more intereſting objects of their own country! But I have no time for ſuch reflections. I cannot, however, omit one circumſtance:—paſſing a large houſe in Carnarvonſhire, we were told that the owner of it was a gentleman of very ſingular ſuffering: being what is called an old bachelor, and with the uſual ſingularities of his kind, but the greateſt of which was his philanthropy, he educated the ſon of a poor neighbour, with the ſame expence and affection as if he were his own offspring. In the ſame houſe of the old gentleman lived his niece, the only ſurviving member of his name and family. To the aſtoniſhment of every one, from an appearance of one of the beſt of conſtitutions, this young lady fell a victim to a rapid and ſud-

den

den consumption. Nothing remained to console the old gentleman but the unusual accomplishments and the grateful return of affection of his adopted son. In a few weeks, however, the latter was found poisoned in his bed.—It appeared, by a paper upon the table, that he had been his own murderer; and that his remorse for having been previously that of the young lady, the heiress of the gentleman, had led him to this act of retaliation. He had given her poison; it had not been of sufficient strength to produce her immediate death, but had effected it by a gradual decay of her lungs.

" Upon my return to London, I obtained, by the usual means of advertisement, an introduction into the family of Sir Rupert. I resigned it, however, in a few weeks, as I could not support the intolerable fatigue.

" I have

" I have ſometimes laughed at the advertiſements of our advertiſing dancing-maſter; but the awkward graces of the moſt mature of Mr. Hopkins's ſcholars can bear no compariſon in their ludicrous effect with the more grave follies of Sir Rupert.—I ſhall ſay no more, as you muſt know him as well as myſelf.—I have nothing further to relate worth the expence of words."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

AS it was now within half an hour of the time of his expected interview with Cecilia, Peregrine, accompanied by Haſtings, whoſe way to his lodgings was for ſome time the ſame, left the tavern, and haſtened towards the place of appointment. The cheerfulneſs of Haſtings, which could have endured any reſtraint but that of ſilence, ſtill maintained the converſation; though Peregrine was now ſo occupied in other thoughts, that he paid little attention to the ſallies of his friend.

"I can-

"I cannot ſay," ſaid Haſtings, "that my preſent ſituation is one of the moſt agreeable. In common with others who bear the name of wits, I have ſome of the inconveniences of my fraternity. The worſt of theſe haunts me in the hideous ſhape of a dun. I have been for ſome months in arrears to my tailor; his patience has at length worn out, and he has taken out his writ. Hitherto, however, I have had the good fortune to eſcape. Pray Fortune it may laſt!"

Haſtings was here interrupted by his companion. Peregrine ſeeing two fellows behind them, who had followed them along the Strand, began to ſuſpect that he was watched; interrupting Haſtings in his addreſs, he pointed to him theſe objects of his ſuſpicion. Haſtings no ſooner ſaw them than, without further reply, he glided into an alley upon the ſide of the ſtreet, and, to the aſtoniſh-

ment of Peregrine, in the ſame inſtant diſappeared.

As the time of appointment was now near, and the place, Mrs. E——'s, in Bond Street, at ſome diſtance, Peregrine haſtened his ſteps, but was ſuddenly checked by being held by the arm. Turning to ſeek the cauſe, he perceived the two fellows, who had continued to follow him.

"I beg your Honour's pardon," ſaid one of them, "but your Honour is now our priſoner!"

"Yes," added the other, "we have caught you at laſt;—but we have had trouble enough, faith!"

"Aye," reſumed the firſt, "his Honour's a deep one. Faith! he's almoſt fit for the road."

It was ſome time before Peregrine could diſcover from this gibberiſh that he was in the

the hands of bailiffs, though he was ſtill at a loſs for the cauſe of his arreſt. To his enquiries upon this point, one of the fellows replied by an interrogation whether his name was not Haſtings.

Peregrine now comprehended the affair; and though he was vexed at the delay it had even now given him, he felt ſome ſatisfaction that Haſtings had eſcaped by their error. He conſidered, moreover, that he had nothing to do to regain his liberty, but to aſſure the fellows of their error. In this, however, according to a vulgar proverb, he reckoned without his hoſt: the fellows conſidered this aſſurance as one of thoſe tricks to which they had now too much experience to become dupes.

"No, no, your Honour," replied one of them, "this will not do."

"No, no," added the other, "old birds

are not caught with ſuch chaff. I was ſerved ſo laſt week indeed.—I'll tell you how it was. You muſt know our maſter had a writ out againſt Mr. Epic, the poet," the other nodded his aſſent; "aye, you know him well, Bob; a nimble-footed gentleman, faith!—They ſay he writes a thouſand lines in a day, and faith, if his hand moves as faſt as his feet, he may well do ſo.—But, as I was ſaying, we had for a long time a writ out againſt him; and though I had it always about me, I had never an opportunity to tap him till laſt Thurſday. I then caught him in the Strand, and nabbed him. Well, we were walking as quiet as could be towards our Lock-up, when who ſhould meet us but a young ſpark, whom I afterwards found out to be another poet, of the name of Scribble. Well, Mr. Scribble no ſooner ſaw my gentleman with me, than he gueſſed, I ſuppoſe, how it was;

and

and ſo coming up to Epic—'Ah, my dear Mr. Saunter,' ſays he, 'how do you do? How are Mrs. Saunter and the young ladies?' —Upon this, you muſt know, I began to ſtare about me. If ſo be that my gentleman had called himſelf Mr. Saunter, I ſhould have been up to him; but how could I think any thing when it was a ſtranger meeting us in the ſtreet, and not knowing my gentleman's ſituation, and that he was in want of ſuch a trick?—for you muſt know that Scribble, a deep dog, affected not to ſee me, and when I came forward—'Hey!' ſays he, 'is this the tenant's ſon you were ſpeaking of—the young lad for whom you promiſed to get a place in the Exciſe?—A fine young lad, faith!—Hold up your head, my boy!'—Plague take the fellow, I can't think of him with any patience! Yes, faith, I ſuffered myſelf to be hoaxed. I thought I

had got hold of a Member of Parliament, and ſo begged pardon of their Honours, and hoped they'd forgive me for my miſtake.—Mr. Epic ſtormed, and ſwore he'd have me before the bar of the Houſe. Mr. Scribble, however, interfered, and propoſed that Mr. Epic, or Saunter, as he called him, ſhould overlook it, provided I gave three guineas to the poor of the pariſh. So I thought it the beſt to ſettle the matter, and gave the three guineas into the hands of Squire Scribble, and releaſed Mr. Epic."

Whilſt the fellow was relating this anecdote, Peregrine, though raving at his diſappointment in the expected interview with Cecilia, was under the neceſſity of following them to a ſpunging-houſe in St. Martin's Lane. He was here uſhered by the proprietor into an apartment, which, unleſs that its windows were grated, had no other appearance than

than that of the drawing-room of a reſpectable inn.

"Never fear, Maſter," ſaid the fellow; "better men than either you or I have inhabited this room. And let me aſk you, where is the difference between being here, and being at a tavern?—There is only one difference—that of the confinement. Imagine then that the weather is rainy, or that you are laid up by a gout or rheumatiſm, and it is all the ſame as being in one of the beſt of the London hotels.—Though I ſay it myſelf, Maſter, there is not a genteeler ſpunging-houſe in all London. I give ſecurity to the Sheriff for twelve thouſand pounds; aye, and if it were neceſſary, could double every farthing.—I have only to add that you can have every thing you call for—but only upon the terms of ready money. Such is the way we deal.—To begin, I will fetch you a bottle

of my beſt wine;—'tis good old Port, and only five ſhillings a bottle."

"I would rather," ſaid Peregrine, "that you would fetch me ſome paper and ink."

"I will fetch you both ink and wine," ſaid the fellow.

"D——n the wine!" ſaid Peregrine.

"Then d——n the wine!" anſwered the fellow, ſurlily. "People cannot expect to come to ſuch reſpectable houſes, and call for nothing. As for the paper and ink, I am willing to ſerve you according to the rule of the trade. Do you call for what turns to my profit, and I will in my turn obey your orders when you call for what I can gain nothing by. Call for wine, and you ſhall have paper and ink."

Peregrine found it better to comply, and though he was little in the humour for drinking, ordered as the bailiff requeſted.

The

The fellow returned, having executed his commiſſion. Peregrine now expected that he ſhould be left to himſelf; the fellow, however, ſeemed in a ſomewhat loquacious humour, and pouring out a glaſs of wine, and drinking it off, after pledging Peregrine, thus continued—

"As good a glaſs of wine, Maſter, as ever moiſtened theſe lips!—Yes, faith, none of your ſloe-water—none of your tricks in my wine.—My Lord Chancellor might pride himſelf in ſuch a cellar."

Saying this he ſwallowed a ſecond, and afterwards a third, fourth, and fifth; Peregrine regarding him with ſurpriſe, and even not without indignation, though when he reflected upon his ſituation, he thought it wiſer to reſtrain the expreſſion of the latter. The fellow took a chair with equal neglect of ceremony, and continued his loquacity with

with ſo little interruption, that Peregrine, finding it impoſſible either to get rid of his ſociety, or, amidſt the noiſy praiſes which he beſtowed upon his wine, to collect his thoughts ſo as to frame any reſolution, accommodated himſelf to his ſituation, and endeavoured to extract ſome amuſement from the impertinence of his gueſt. He reflected however, with ſome regret, that every hope of an interview with his miſtreſs for that evening was at an end; for it was now far advanced in the night, nor did his companion appear inclined to leave him. In a word, the fellow remained with him till he retired to his bed.

Peregrine repeated, as he took his leave for the night, that he had miſtaken his perſon—that his name was not Haſtings.

"Good-night, Maſter," replied the fellow; "old birds, as I ſaid before, are not to be

be ſo caught. But if you wiſh to ſee any one in the morning, you may write your letters, and ſome of my fellows ſhall carry them.—Good-night, Maſter; and may you find a ſofter pillow than ſuch a one as, according to the proverb, uſually falls to the lot of a debtor!"

Saying this, the fellow retired, and, ſecuring the doors behind him, left Peregrine to his repoſe.

It will eaſily be conceived that the ſleep of Peregrine did not agree with the friendly wiſhes of his jailer. In a word, he could think of nothing but his preſent ſituation—his diſappointment in the expected interview of the evening—and what was to be done to releaſe him from his preſent embarraſſment. He reflected that if he ſummoned Haſtings to prove the error of the bailiff, though the honour and generoſity of his friend would lead

lead him to an inſtant obedience, he would no ſooner appear, than the error would indeed be acknowledged, and in the ſame moment repaired by the arreſt of Haſtings. This determined him to reject this as the means of his releaſe; and he reſolved, finally, to inform Haſtings, in order that he might eſcape their future purſuit, when they ſhould detect their preſent error: and at the ſame time, in order to procure his own releaſe, as nothing further was neceſſary than to prove the error of the bailiffs, he had only to ſummon ſome of thoſe to whom he was perſonally known.

In theſe reflections the night paſſed away, and the bailiff appeared at his bedſide to receive his orders. Peregrine diſpatched a letter upon the latter of theſe purpoſes.

It is not the intention of this hiſtory to deſcend into the uſual, but unpardonable minute-

minuteneſs of the Noveliſts of the day. It will be ſufficient, therefore, to add that the friends of Peregrine appeared, and that he obtained not only his own releaſe, but, as a compenſation for his impriſonment, the diſcharge of the debt (being a ſmall one) of Haſtings.

It is needleſs to ſay that Peregrine ſeized the firſt opportunity to make ſome enquiries after his miſtreſs. What was his aſtoniſhment to find that, with her father and family, ſhe had departed from town!

Peregrine flew to their houſe: it was deſerted. Every enquiry was uſeleſs. There was no poſſibility of tracing them. He at firſt indulged ſome hopes that they had retired to the uſual country reſidence of Method. In this hope he was equally diſappointed.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that this removal of the miſtreſs of Peregrine was the effect of the treachery, at leaſt of the diſcoveries of Mademoiſelle.

END OF VOL. II.

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